

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

No. 96

DECEMBER

10¢

BIG
SHOT

Merry Christmas





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

NEW EASY WAY TAKES OFF UGLY FAT

5-10 Pounds Disappear First 8 Days Eating Concentrated Food Control Tablets...LOOK Plan Safe...Reduces without Hunger!

**No Strenuous Exercise,
No Laxatives,
No Massage,
No Starvation. This
Newest Yet Simplest
Plan Called Greatest
Reducing Idea in 25
Years.**

Amazing new LOOK REDUCING PLAN often restores more youthful figure in 8 quick days. Intended for overweight women and men who want to lose fat but who just can't seem to leave the table hungry. If merely a too healthy appetite is your trouble (no glandular disturbance or other fat producing illness) you should lose 5 to 10 pounds in 8 days without dope or harmful drugs, without exercise, without missing a single square meal. Above all, energy and resistance factors in LOOK TABLETS ward off tired, weak, rundown feeling that often comes with fast fat reduction. Mail coupon for 8-day trial that convinces or no cost.

Mrs. Ruth Storch, 2112 N. Karlov, Chicago, a secretary says, "It's so much easier to reduce with the Look Tablet 8-day Plan than with weeks of starvation dieting. I'll take Look Tablets every time."

How New Small Tablet Brings Amazing Results

LOOK TABLETS are tiny. They are not sugar coated because we want them to disintegrate fast in the stomach. Fast action is what you want and fast action is what you get. Yet LOOK TABLETS are completely safe, containing the identical vitamins and minerals that doctors often recommend and prescribe to women and men who need help to fight off tired and weak rundown feeling to build resistance, to safeguard health. Mail the coupon for LOOK TABLETS in the confidence they are compounded only of the finest, purest ingredients in a modern scientific manufacturing laboratory under the direct supervision of fully qualified technicians.



Lose 5-10 Lbs.

In 8 Happy Days or Money Back Plus \$1 Extra . . . That's Today's Big Offer To Over-Weight Men and Women Who Want To Safely Lose Fat Fast Without Missing A Single Meal!



Don't be unnecessarily fat! LOSE pounds and inches in only 8 days . . . LOSE fat from chin, fat from waist, fat from arms, legs, thighs and ankles! WIN new pep and energy, win new healthy vitality, win admiring glances instead of sly remarks about putting on weight. Don't say "too hard." How do you know 8 days from now you can't be 5-10 pounds lighter, that much more attractive. Others by the thousands are finding the new LOOK 8-day plan the answer to their reducing problem. It costs only a letter to take the first step so mail the coupon for the new LOOK TABLETS today.

SEND NO MONEY

Mail Approval Coupon
On This Amazing
\$1 Extra Money Back Guarantee

Last call for trying the new LOOK 8-DAY TABLETS on this amazing home trial offer. Just mail the coupon. When your package of LOOK TABLETS arrives deposit only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. If in 8 days you haven't dropped from 5 to 10 pounds, if your waist and thighs don't measure less, if those embarrassing bulges haven't flattened out to your satisfaction, if you haven't lost that bloated, too fat feeling . . . return the empty LOOK package and we not only will refund your \$3.00 but on request we will also give you a dollar extra for your time and trouble.

**Makes Bulging Inches Shrink From Waist,
Neck, Chin, Arms, Legs, Hips, Thighs,
Ankles, Yet Tablets Avoid Tired, Weak,
Rundown Feeling.**



CHICAGO—New LOOK 8-day Way safely takes off ugly fat. Results are usually noticeable, the very first day. If in 8 short days 5 to 10 pounds haven't disappeared from fatty spots you needn't lose one penny, and if you want to lose more than the first few pounds, you safely continue with the plan until as much as 35 lbs. and more have disappeared!

This new LOOK idea is so simple and easy you'll marvel why no one thought of it before. It combines latest dietary discoveries that recommends many foods once considered fattening with concentrated food control tablets that satisfy craving for vitamins and minerals. So you (1) don't need to starve, (2) gain new pep and energy, (3) lose pounds and inches to regain a fashionable, more youthful figure.

8 Days Often Enough

5 to 10 pounds excess fat makes a world of difference in your figure. When you see first fat bulging, there's no reason to quit eating and starve to take off those extra pounds fast. All you may need is one package of LOOK.

Mrs. Jane M. Harland, 14 W. Elm, Chicago, a nurse says, "I've been overweight since childhood, and have experimented with many reducing programs. I find that Look Tablet plan the ideal reducing aid. It's less drastic, requires no starvation and it's safe because it contains no harmful drugs."

Mrs. Mary Barkulls, 2337 Howard Street, Chicago, a mother says, "After baby came, I found myself getting 'hippy'. The Look program took off six pounds, in eight days. It's the easiest reducing method for a busy mother."

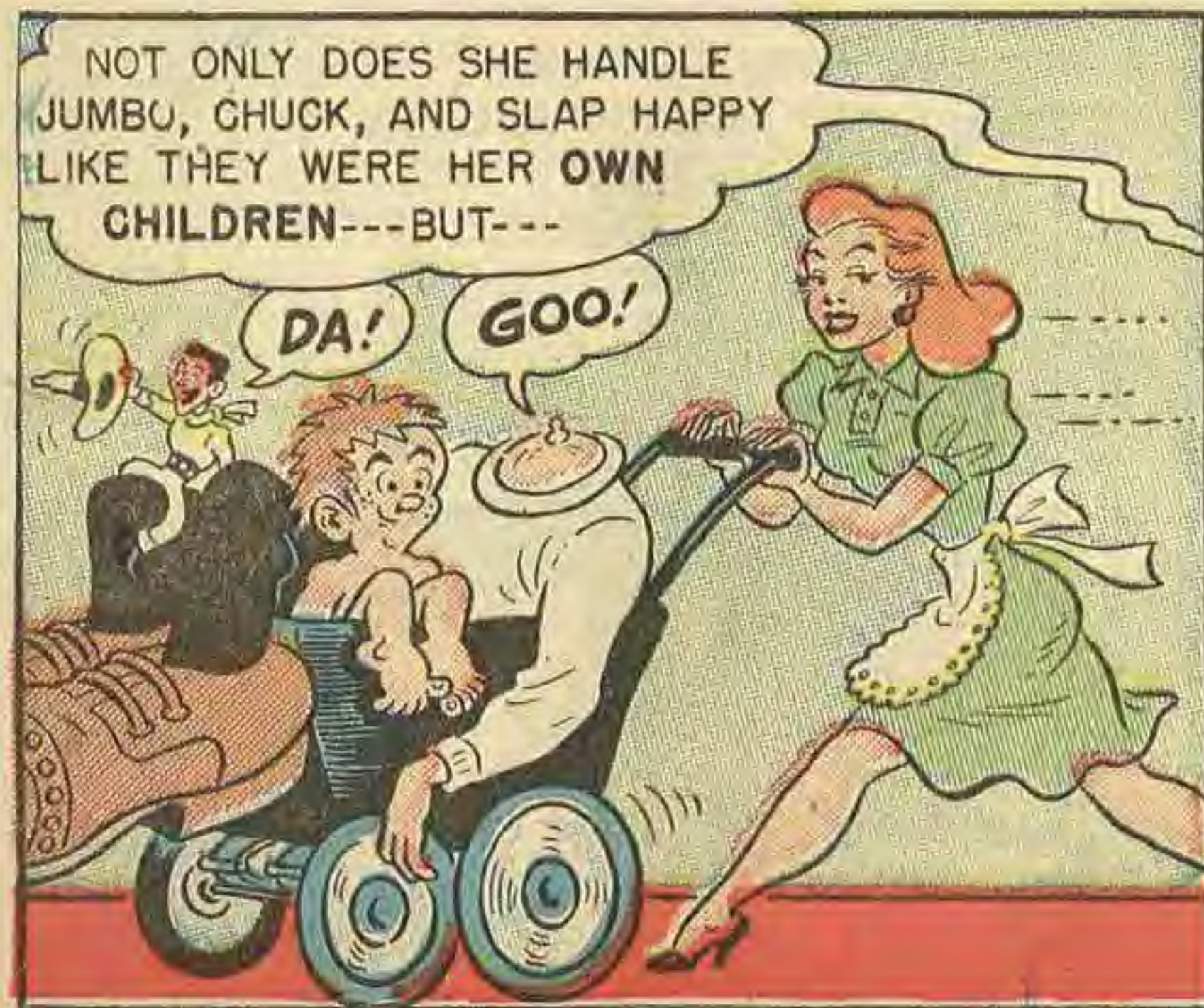
Don't Be Fat Your doctor's recommendation and approval of the NEW LOOK 8-day plan is invited. If you are in good health and want to stop getting fat and take off 5 to 10 pounds in 8 days, mail the coupon. It's last call to get in on this amazing introductory offer!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

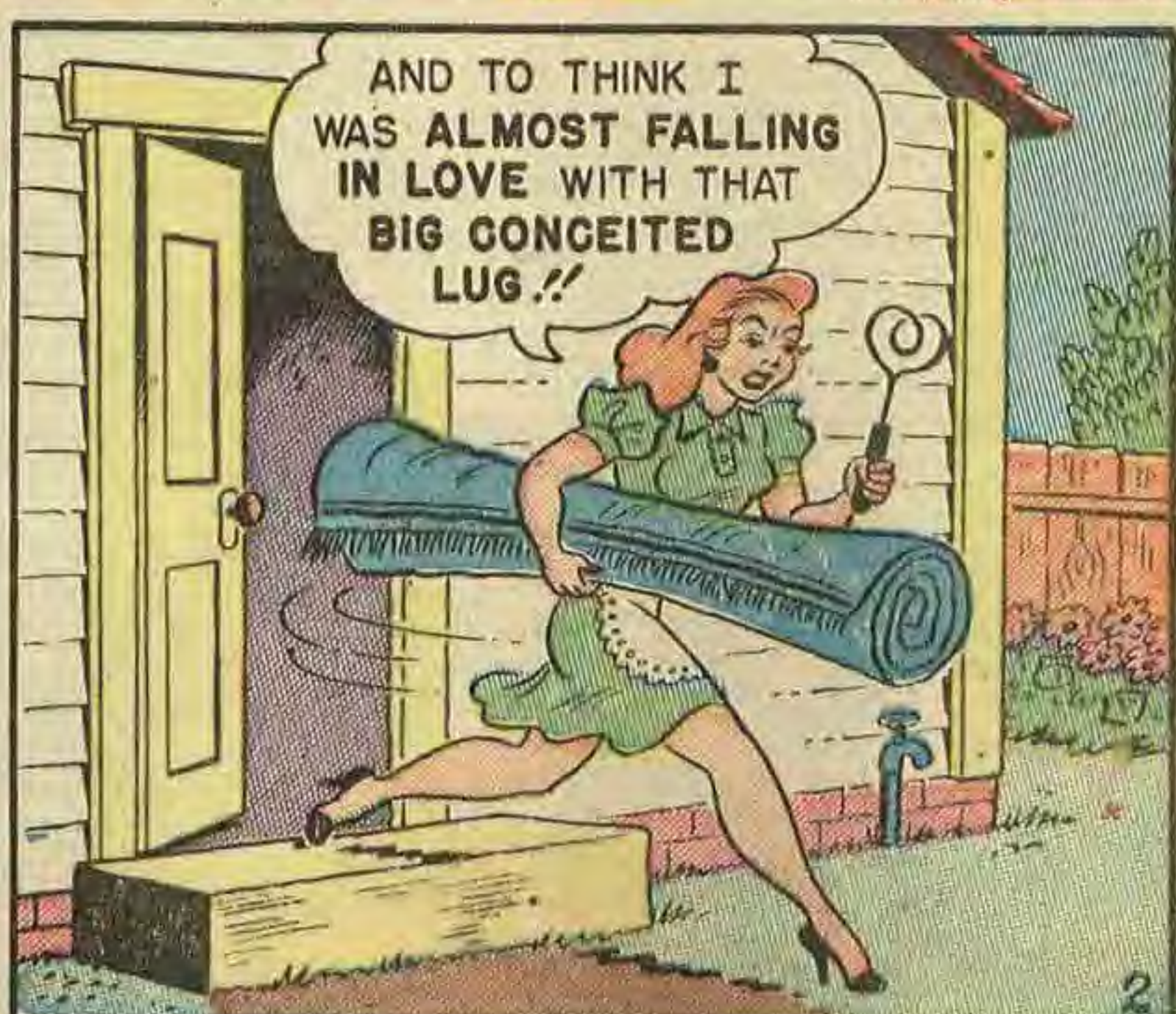
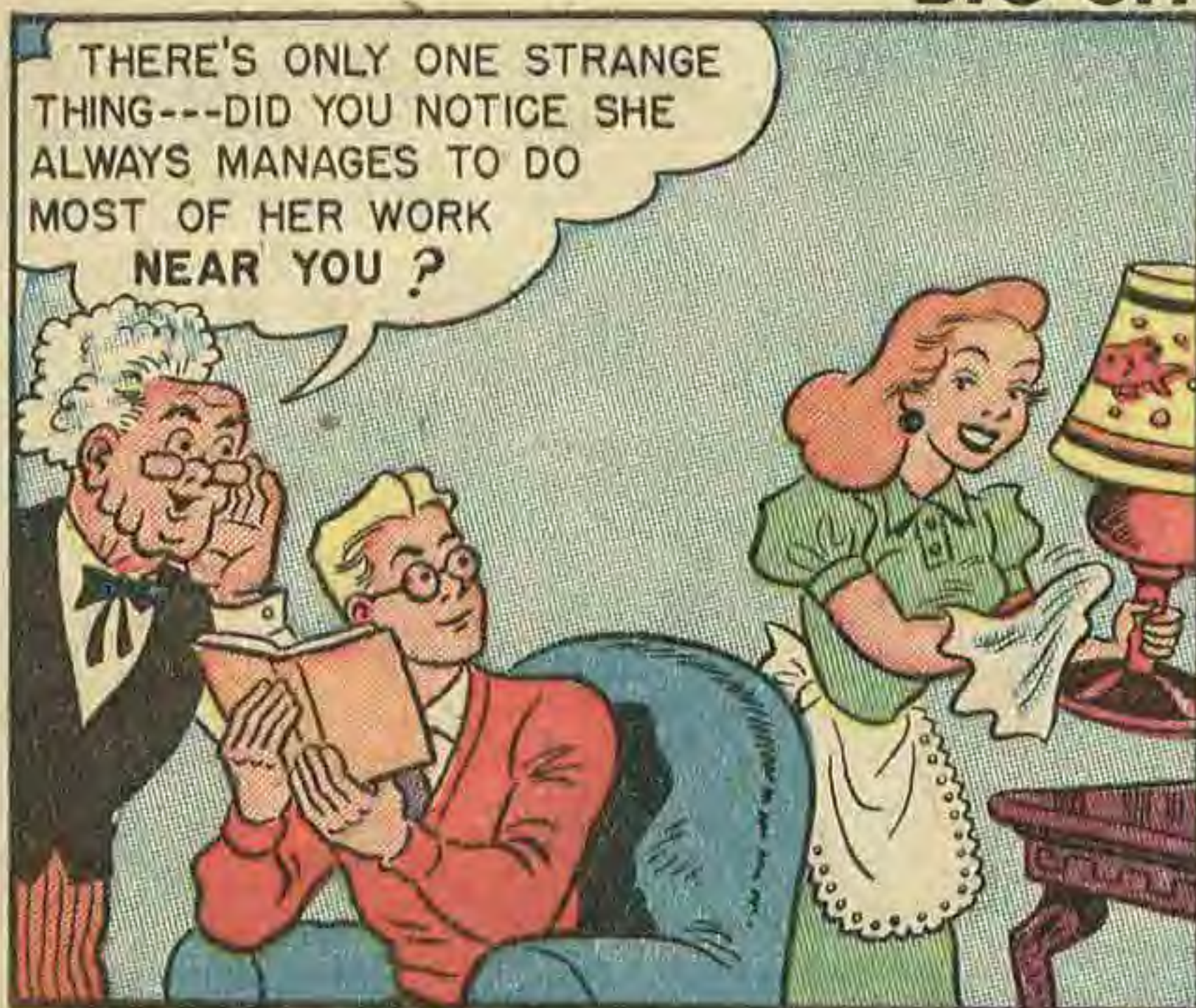
Success Plan Company, Dept. 52-S
1814 E. 40th St., Cleveland 3, Ohio

Send LOOK TABLETS, 8-DAY PLAN, COMPLETE. I'll pay \$3.00 plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival on your guarantee to refund my \$3.00 plus upon request \$1 extra upon return of empty package within 10 days. (Cash orders mailed prepaid.) Send Double Economy 16-Day Plan for \$5.50.

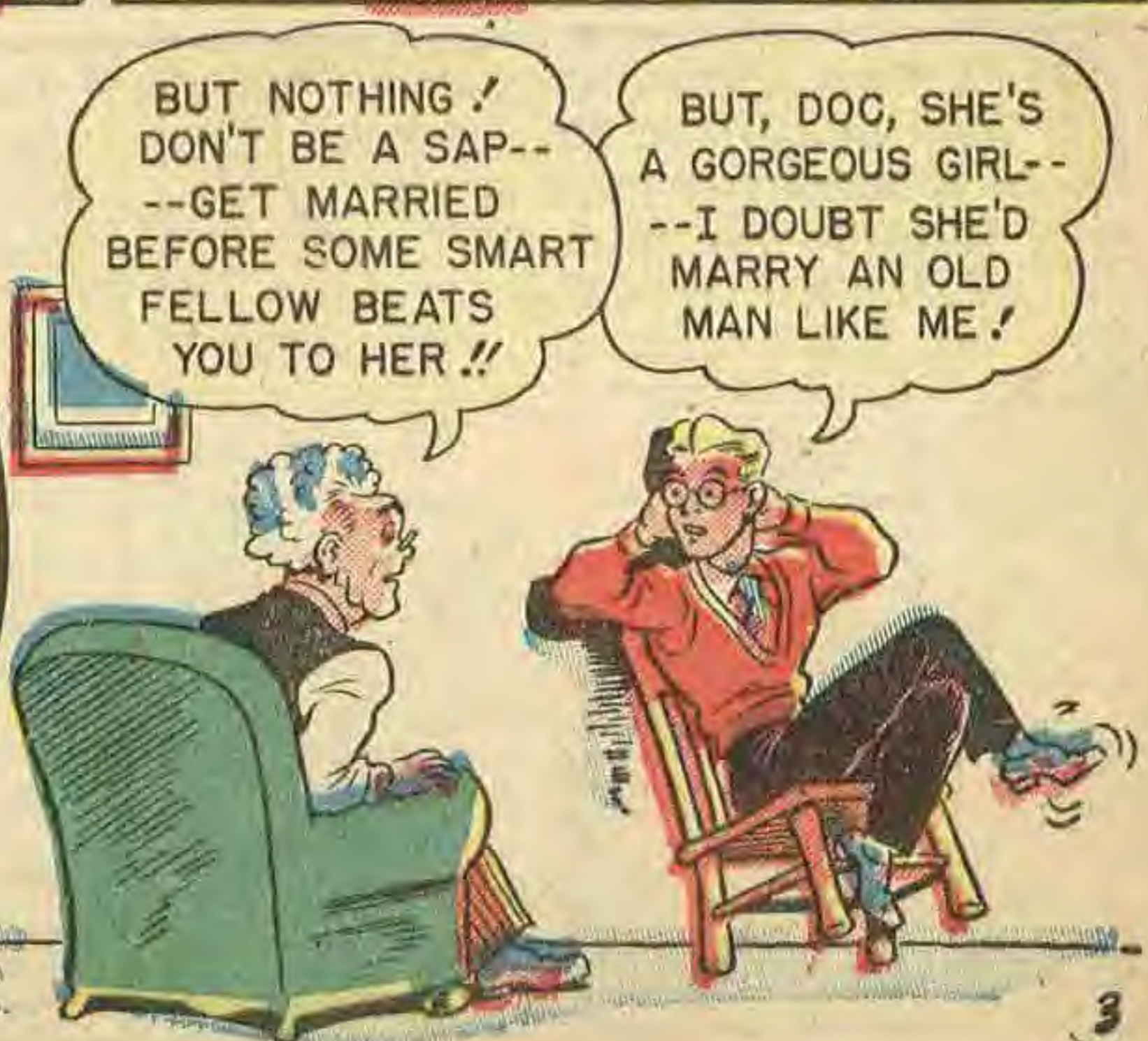
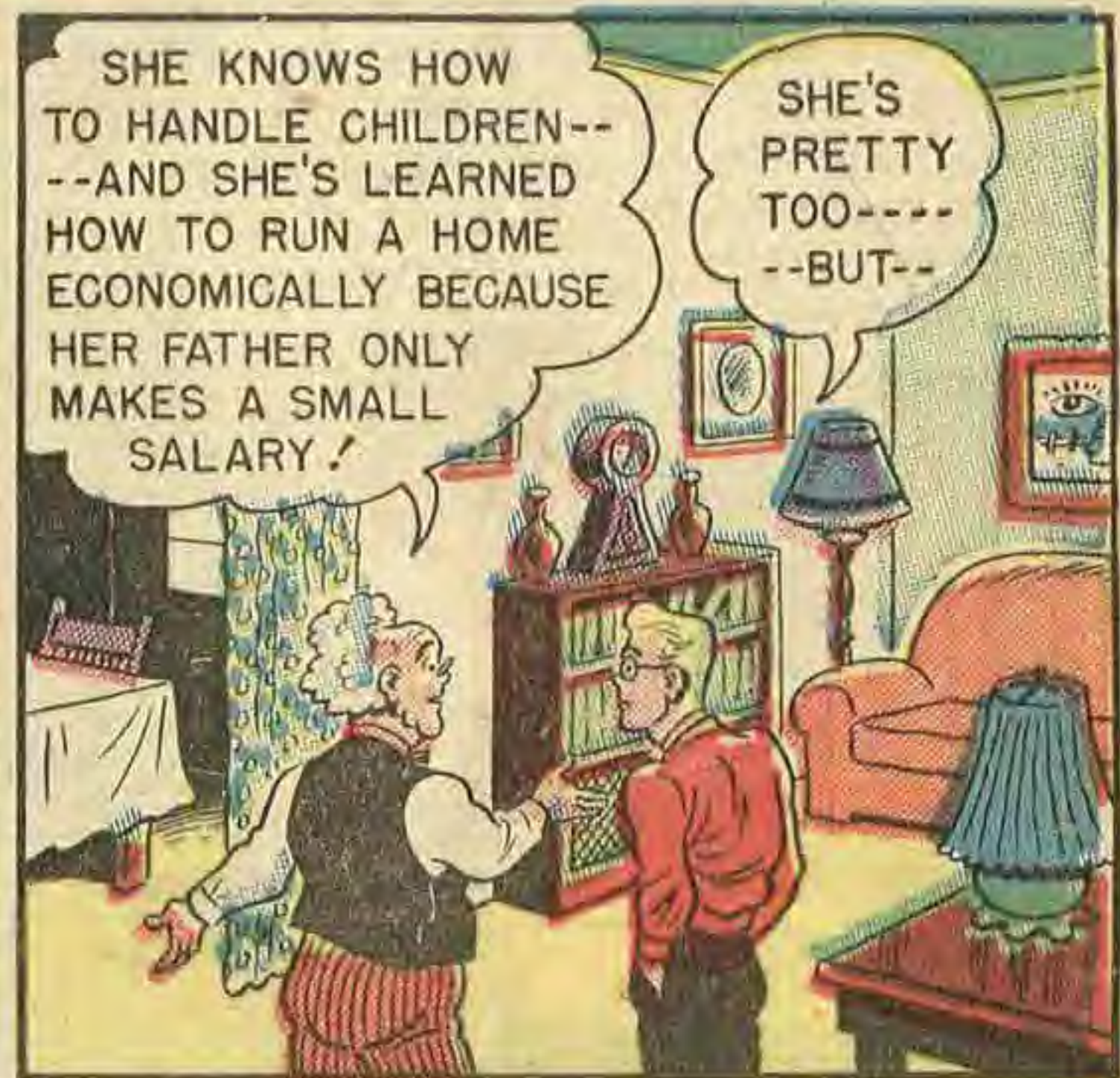
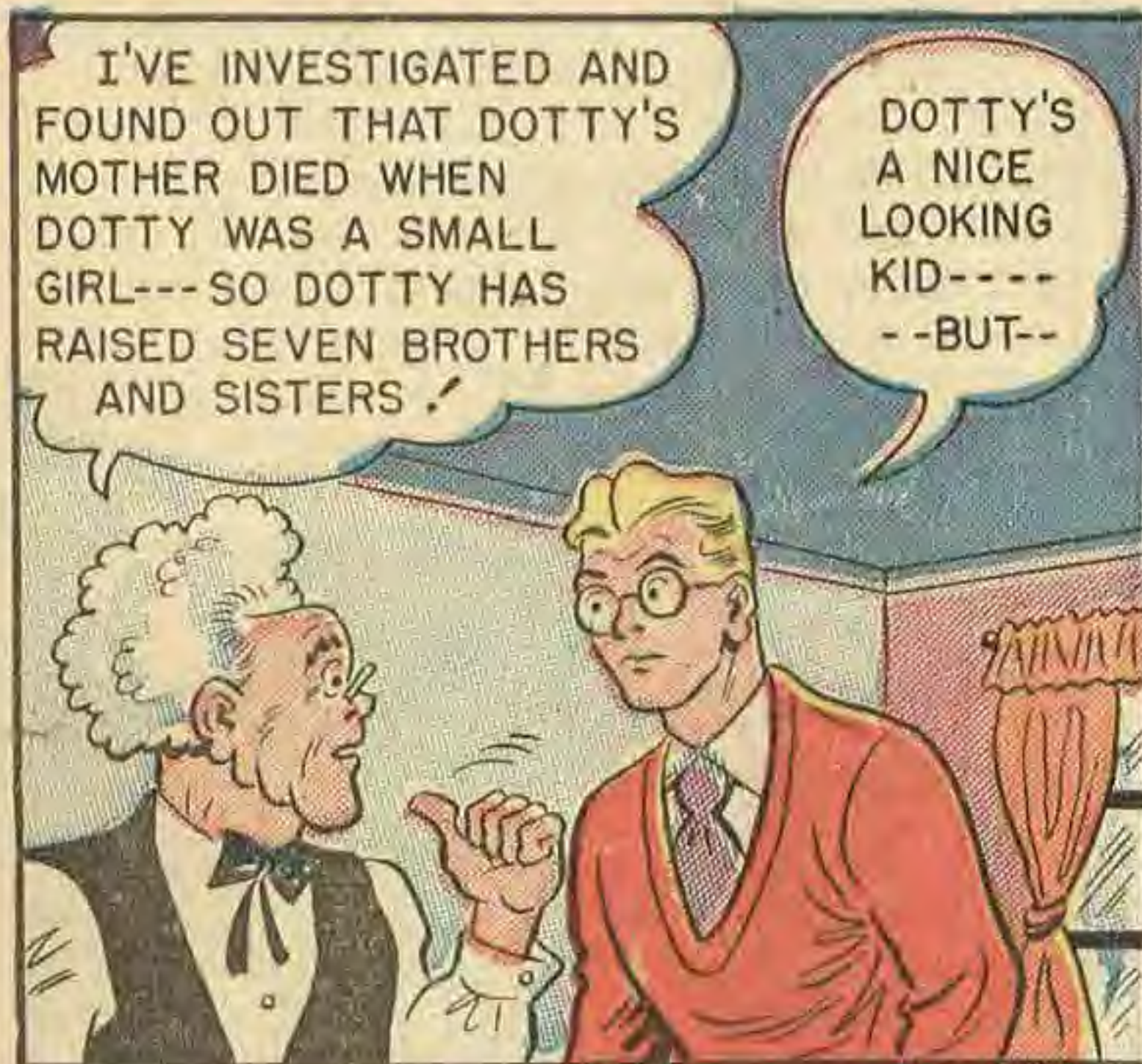
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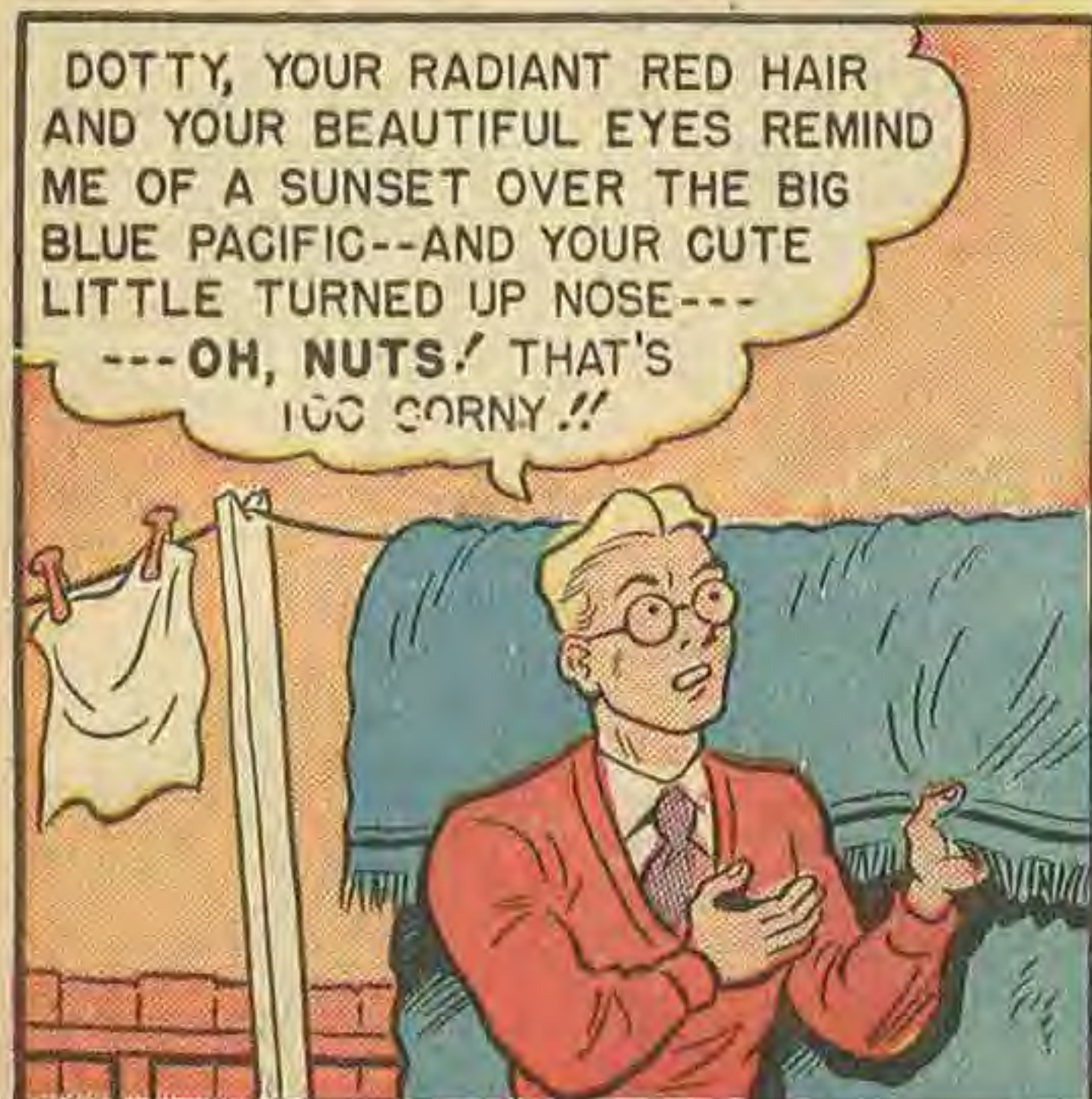
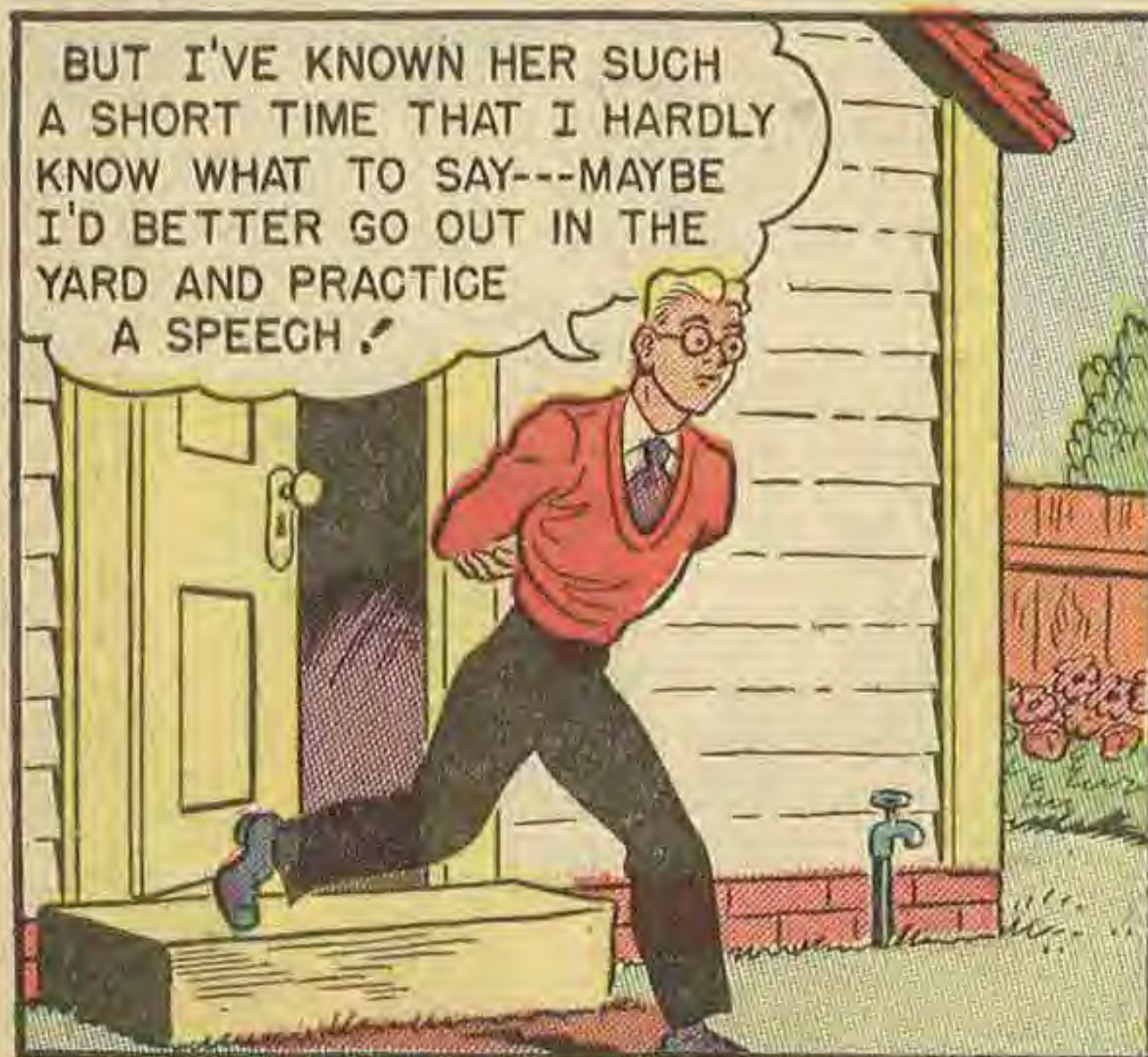
BIG SHOT



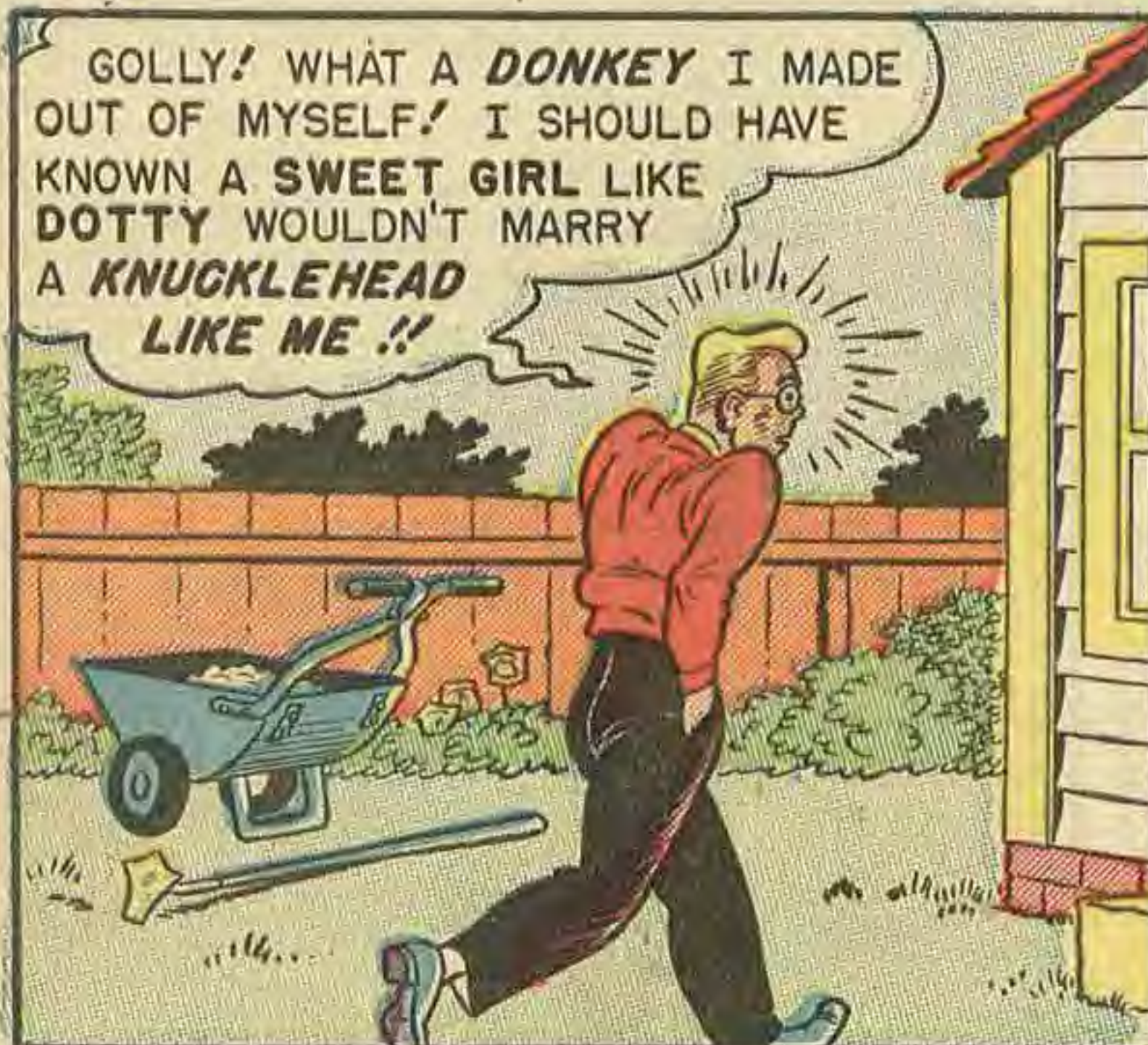
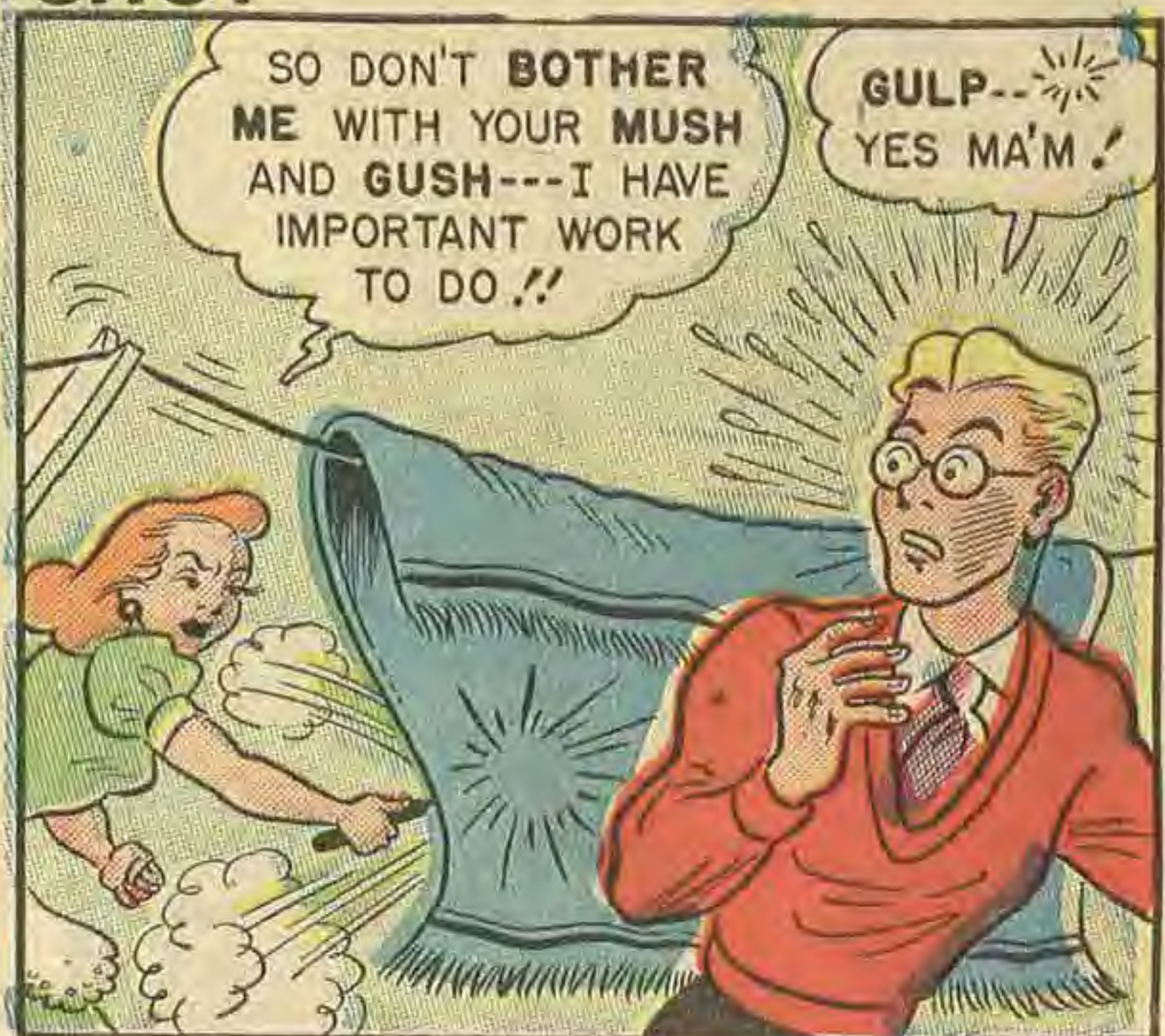
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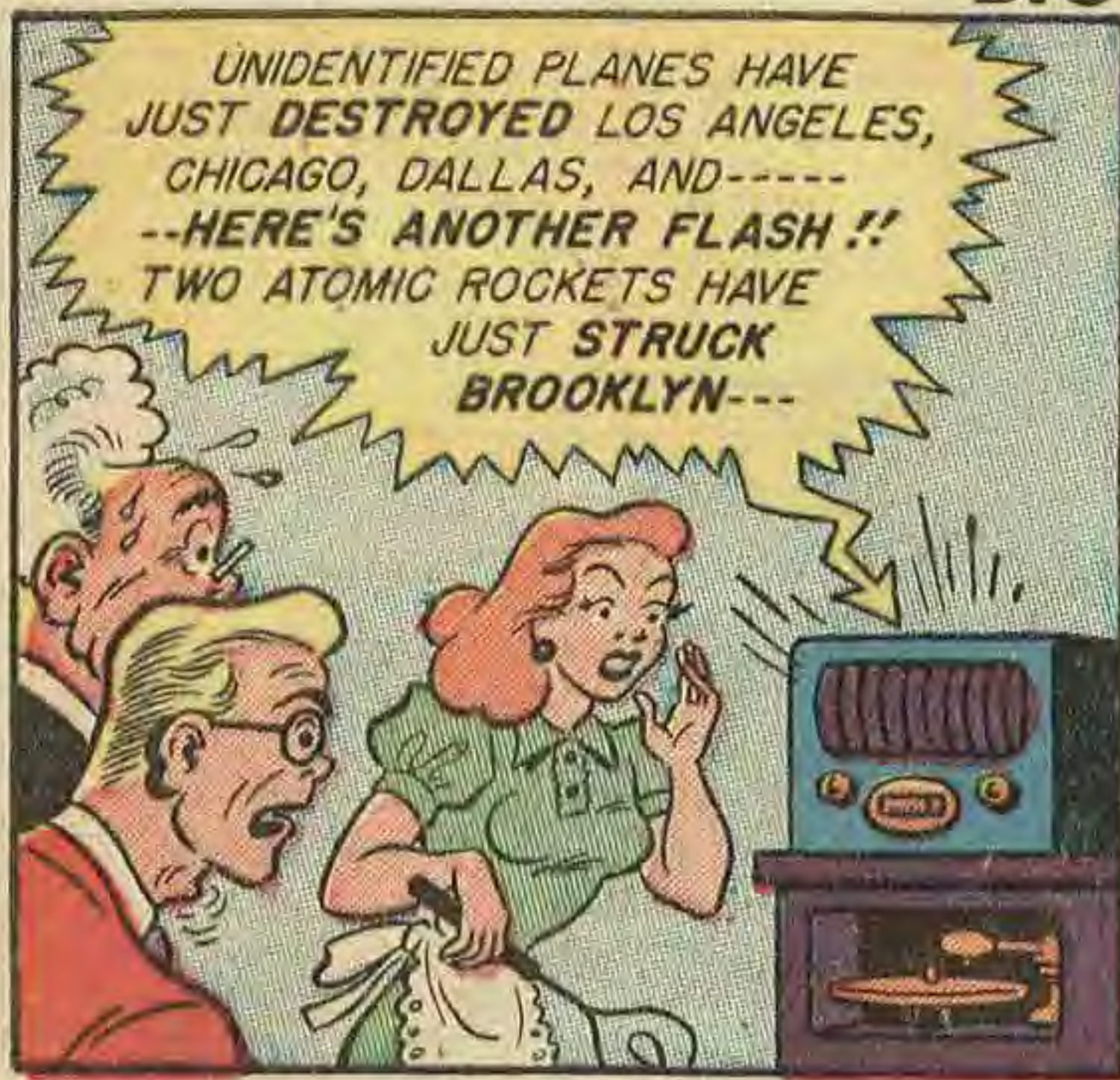
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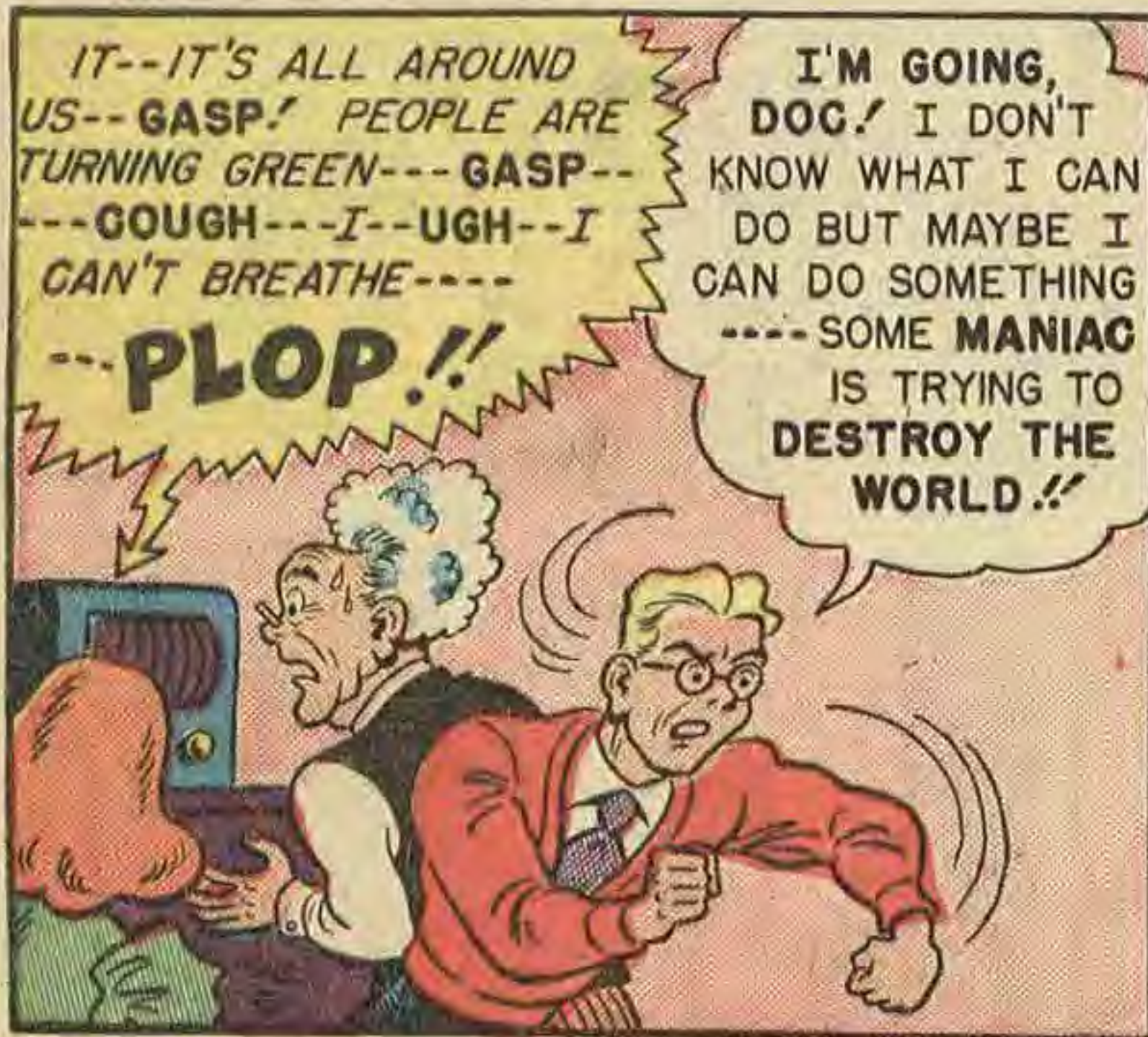
BIG SHOT



UNIDENTIFIED PLANES HAVE
JUST **DESTROYED** LOS ANGELES,
CHICAGO, DALLAS, AND-----
--**HERE'S ANOTHER FLASH !!**
TWO ATOMIC ROCKETS HAVE
JUST **STRUCK**
BROOKLYN---



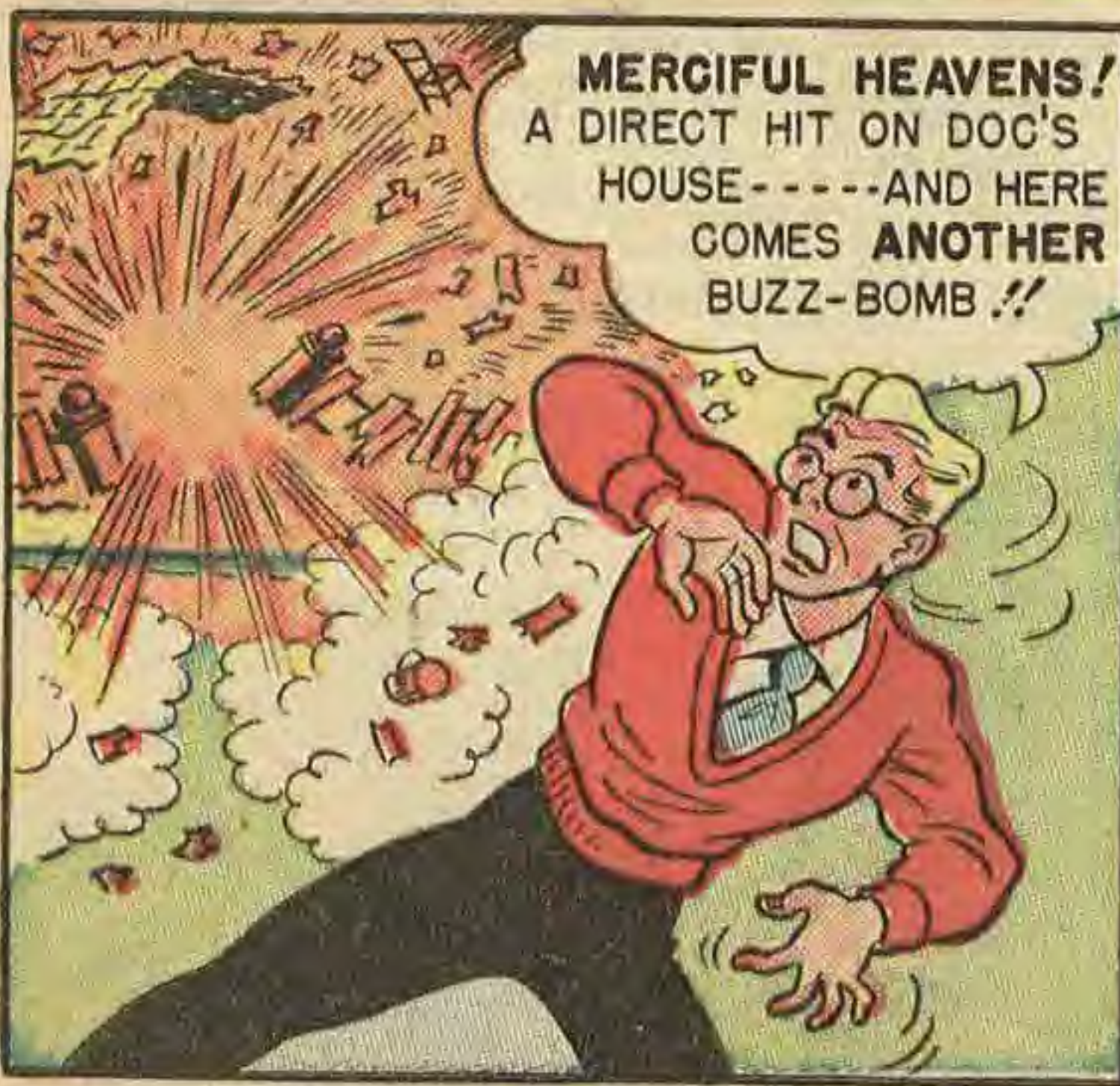
I'M ON TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING WHERE I CAN SEE FOR MILES
IN EVERY DIRECTION-----A TREMENDOUS
EXPLOSION HAS JUST **WIPE OUT** NEWARK
ACROSS THE HUDSON----AND HERE COMES
A **FLYING SAUCER** OVER MANHATTAN
THAT IS SPREADING A **BLUE**
CLOUD BEHIND IT-----



IT--IT'S ALL AROUND
US--**GASP!** PEOPLE ARE
TURNING GREEN---**GASP---**
---**COUGH---**I--UGH--I
CAN'T BREATHE----

I'M GOING,
DOG! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I CAN
DO BUT MAYBE I
CAN DO SOMETHING
----SOME **MANIAC**
IS TRYING TO
DESTROY THE
WORLD !!

---**PLOP !!**



MERCIFUL HEAVENS!
A DIRECT HIT ON DOG'S
HOUSE-----AND HERE
COMES **ANOTHER**
BUZZ-BOMB !!



NEXT ISSUE--
THE LAST MAN !!

DIXIE DUGAN

MC AND VOY
STRIEBEL

MR DUGAN HAS USED THE FAMILY SAVINGS TO BACK A SHOW

WHOSE SHOW ARE YOU BACKING, MR. DUGAN?

"DEVON AND DALE" PRODUCTIONS

THEY'RE NOT EVEN LISTED!



I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN VICTIMIZED, MR. DUGAN



WHADDEYA MEAN I'VE BEEN VICTIMIZED?

IT MEANS YOU'VE BEEN DUPED, DOPE!



I'M SORRY, PA—I DIDN'T MEAN IT

YOU'VE GIVEN ALL MA'S MONEY TO A COUPLE OF SLICK FELLOWS WHO'VE PRETENDED TO BE PRODUCERS, PA

HUH?



BUT THEY'RE NOT "WHAT"?



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MORE ABOUT DEVON DALE AND DUGAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CARNIVAL THAT PHIL'S LODGE HAS BEEN HAVING, ISN'T IT, MICKEY?



THAT'S RIGHT, TOM! GEE, WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF ONE OF US WON THE CAR?

I'LL SAY IT WOULD! DID PHIL SELL THE REST OF THE CHANCES IN HIS BOOK?

ALL BUT ONE! HE'S OUT TRYING TO SELL IT NOW!



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT, YOURSELF, PHIL?

I TOOK ONE, CLANCY-AND I NEVER TAKE MORE THAN ONE CHANCE ON ANYTHING!



TODAY'S SPECIAL LAMB POT PIE 35¢

YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, PHIL-DUGAN SOLD ME A CHANCE ON THAT CAR THREE WEEKS AGO!



OH! WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL!



NO, PHIL! I BOUGHT A WHOLE BOOK FROM HOGAN!

OH-I SEE!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT, SAM? IT LOOKS LIKE A LUCKY NUMBER!



NO, SUH! AH'S GOT THE LUCKY NUMBER - 777!

IT'S THE LAST CHANCE IN THE BOOK, TOM! IT MIGHT BE THE ONE TO DO THE TRICK!



NO! I TOOK A LAST CHANCE LAST WEEK AND IT WAS THE LAST CHANCE I'LL EVER TAKE ON A CAR!

NOW, LISTEN, CHARLIE - I'VE BEEN BRINGIN' MY LAUNDRY TO YOU FOR TEN YEARS!



OKLAY! ME TAKEE!

THERE YOU ARE, CHARLIE - AND DON'T LOSE IT! IT SOUNDS LIKE A VERY LUCKY NUMBER!



HUMPH! ME NO LUCKEE! ME JUST STUCKEE!

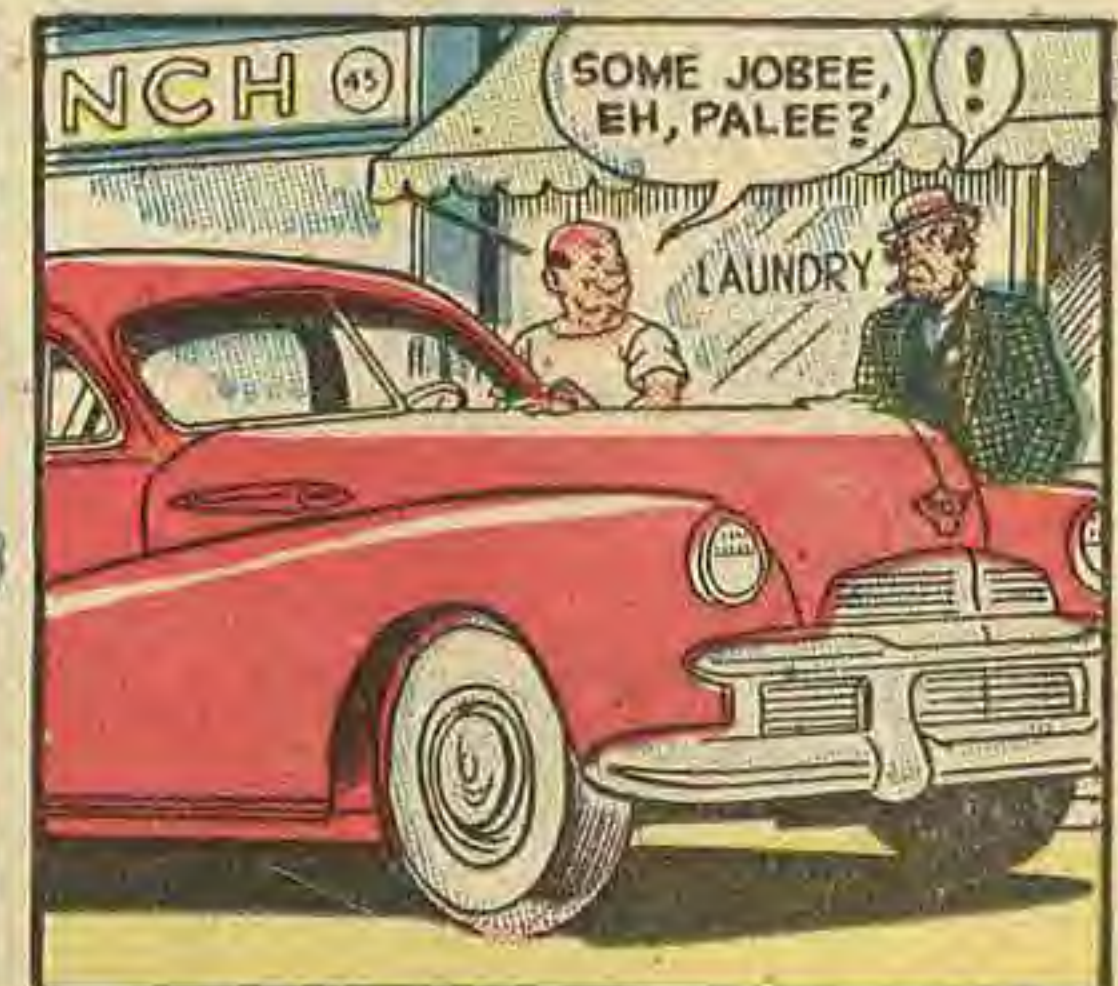
DID YOU SELL THAT LAST CHANCE YET, UNCLE PHIL? IF YOU HAVEN'T, I'LL TAKE IT!



I SOLD IT, MICHAEL! I ALWAYS ATTAIN MY OBJECTIVE!



THE NUMBER THAT WINS THE CAR IS - 3-3-3-3!



SOME JOBBE, EH, PALEE?

LAUNDRY

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



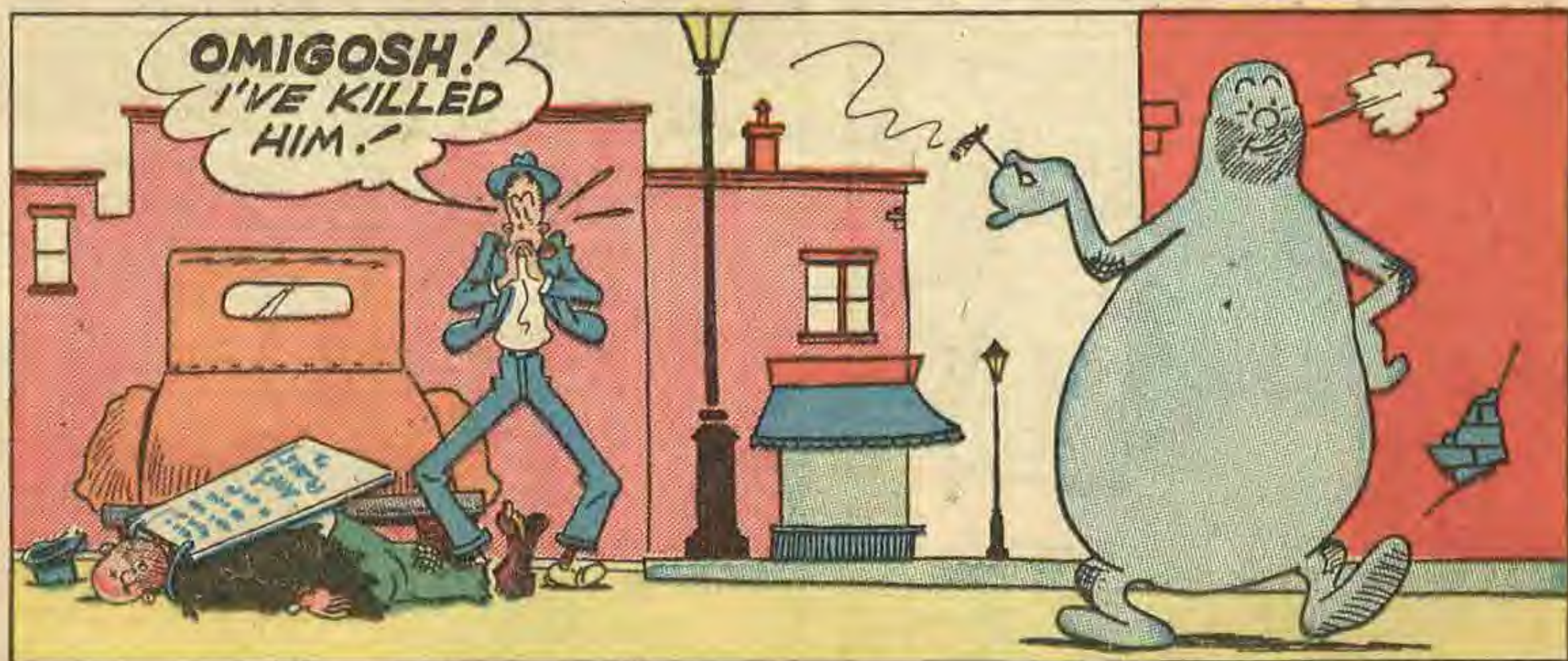
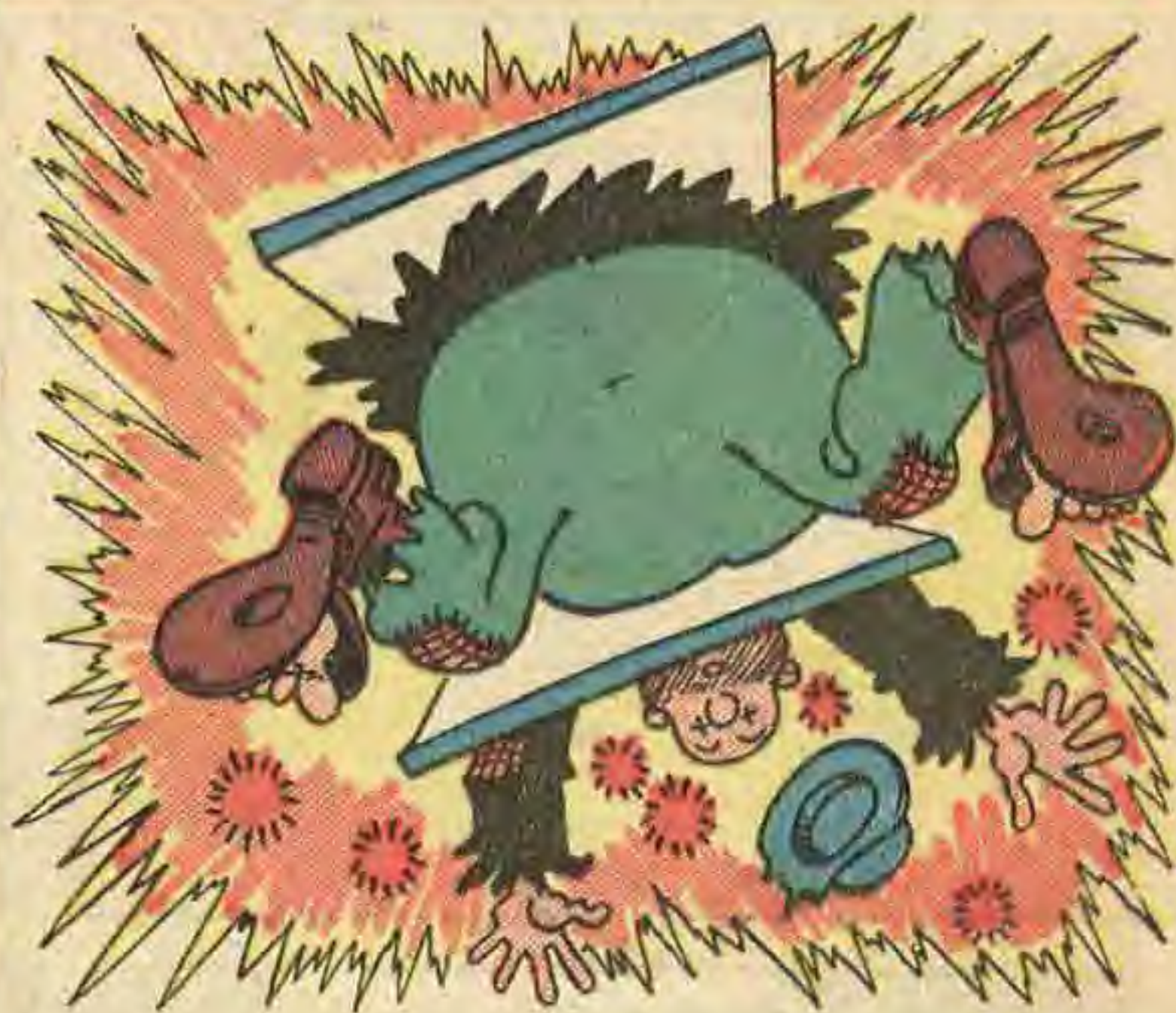
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

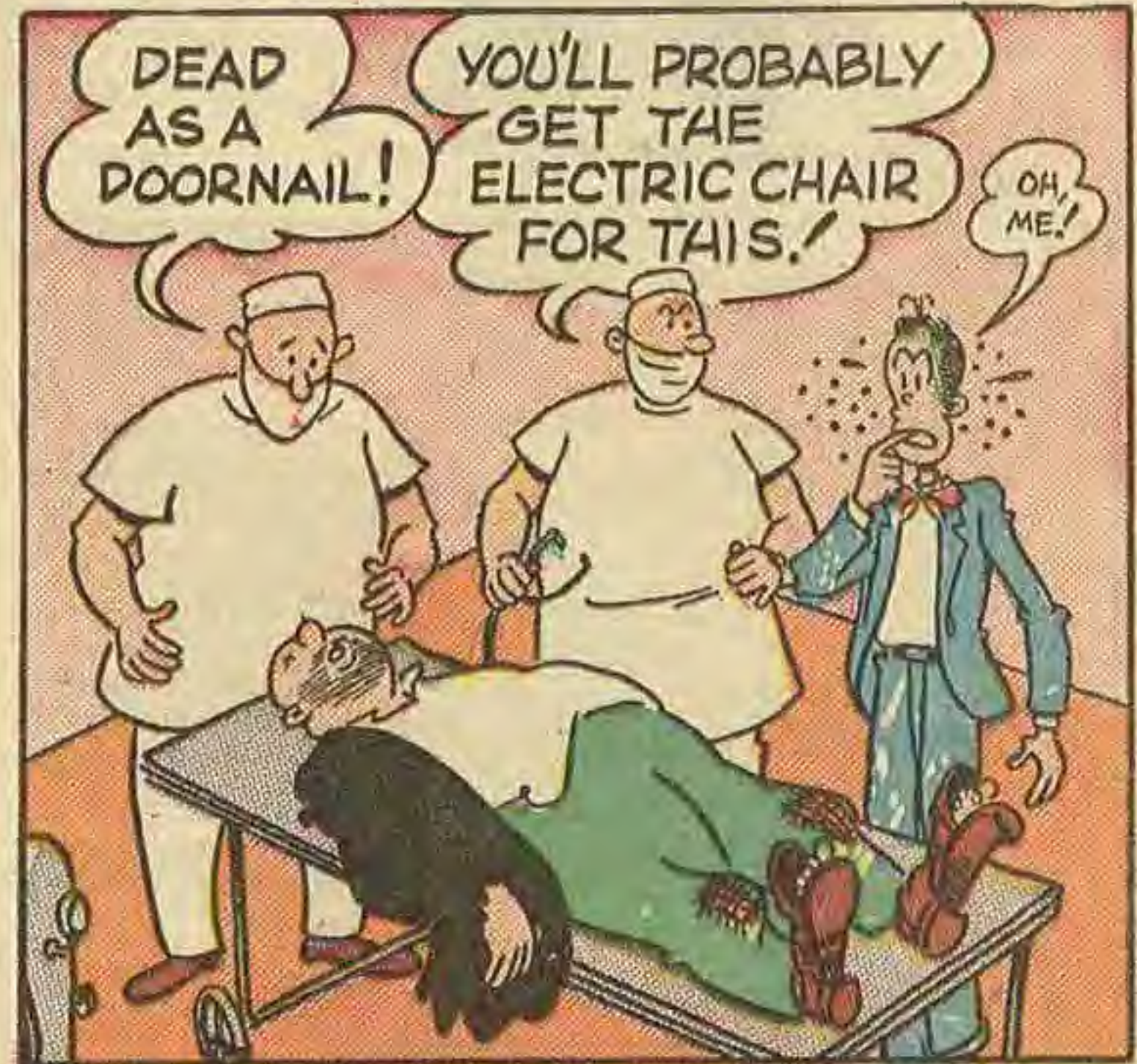


BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

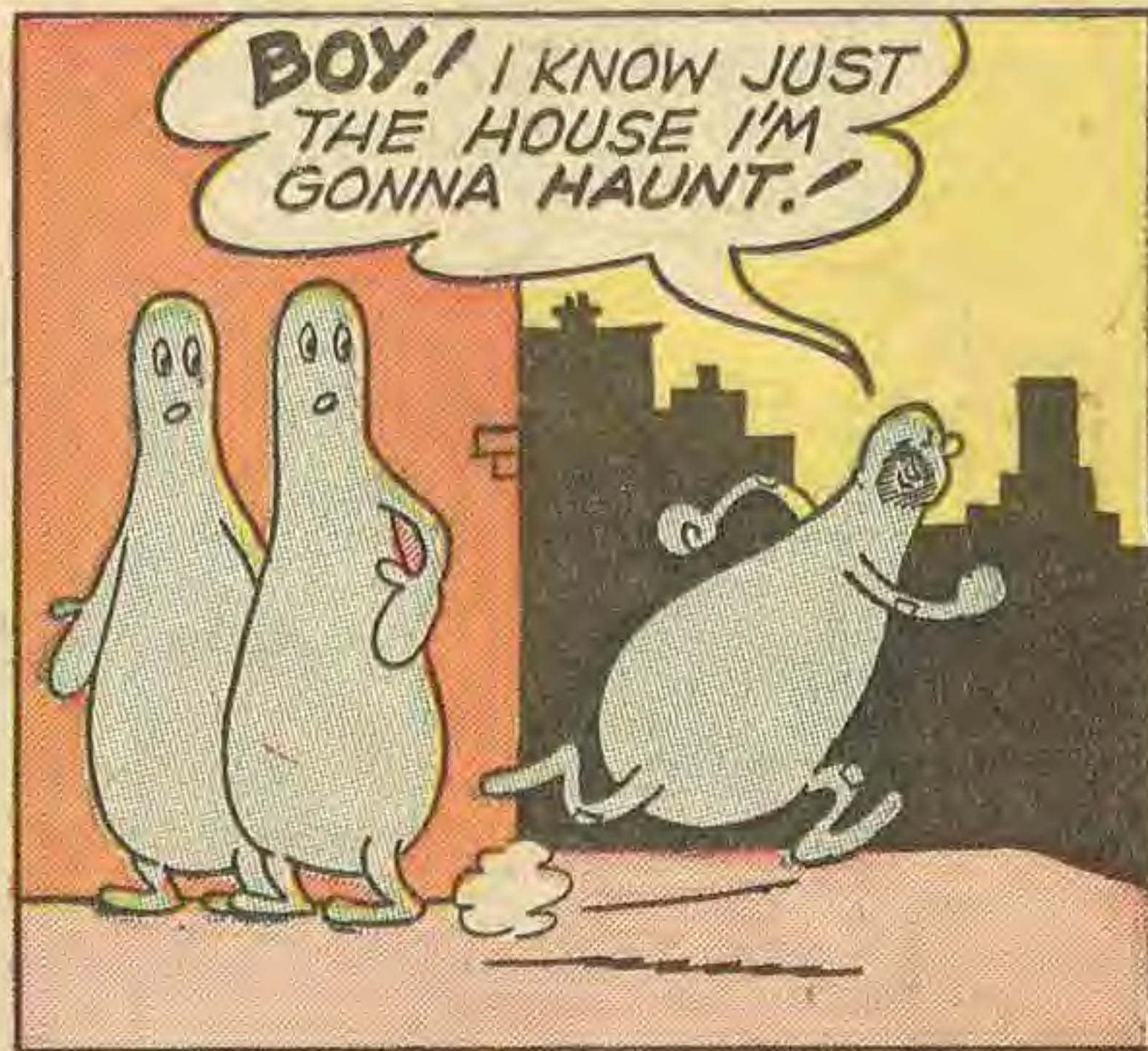
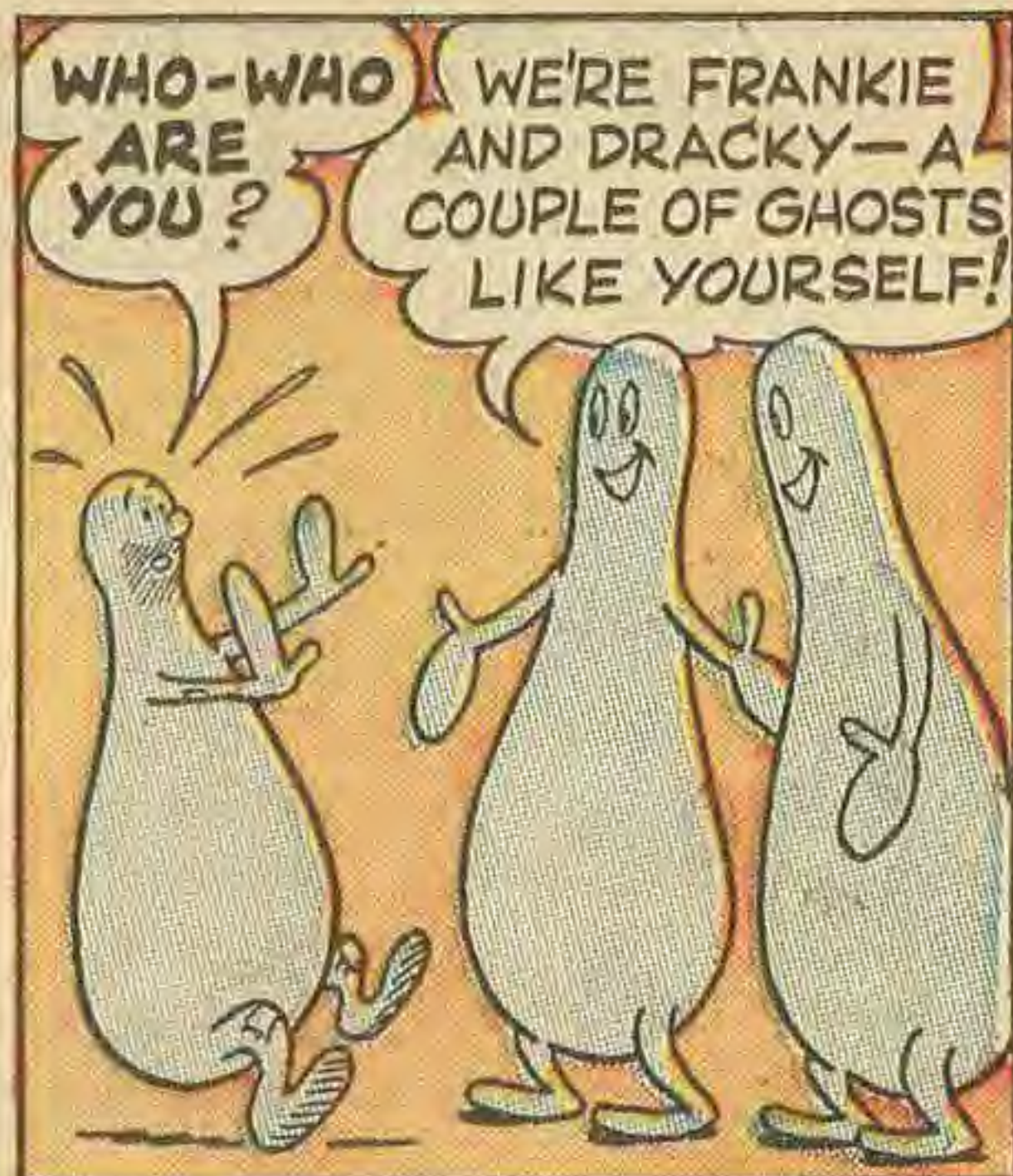
by MARTY
MARION



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Friends of Mr. Greenwood

By MART BAILEY

BUTSY RATSOFF closely resembled his more notorious, but recently wedded and reformed Brother Benny. And both more closely resembled a gorilla with a low I. Q. The two gentlemen who comprised Butsy's bodyguard, or, as he preferred to call them, his traveling companions, equally resembled a couple of inmates who had escaped from the zoo. One was a gangling ape; the other, a baboon with tiny eyes.

Before stepping out of Genalo's Paradise Bar and Grill, the gangling ape poked his head beyond the building and warily slewed it to left and right on his long, generously Adam's-appled neck.

Assured that no business competitors were lurking in the dark with bouquets of machine-gun bullets, the trio hurried across the sidewalk to a smart green roadster; and the owner of the roadster being nowhere in sight, they squeezed into the front seat and drove away. The seat was wide and ordinarily could accommodate three riders with ease, but Butsy and his bodyguard were cramped by an additional cargo of tommy-guns and sawed-off rifles which they concealed under their topcoats.

Butsy should have belonged to *Gamblers Anonymous*. He could not resist gambling, especially on horses that should have been pulling milk wagons instead of blocking traffic on race tracks. In the course of human events, therefore, it was usually he who paid the bookmaker. But a month ago a miracle happened. One of Butsy's favorite candidates for the glue factory somehow stumbled over the finish line first, paying fabulous odds. Butsy was elated—until he tried to find the bookmaker. For weeks the bookmaker eluded Butsy and his mob; and even the private detectives whom in desperation Butsy hired, reported no encouraging word. Then, at last, information came that the defaulting bookmaker was holed up in a rooming house on West Ache Street. And to that hideout Butsy Ratsoff and his bodyguard were hurrying now in their brand new green roadster.

Reaching 711 West Ache Street, they piled out of their car and up the smelly hallway, their

topcoats unbuttoned to allow free play for their shooting irons.

At the top landing they stopped, and Butsy rolled inquiring eyes towards his bodyguard. It had just occurred to him that the only information they possessed about the fugitive bookmaker was that he was lodged on the top floor under the name of Mr. Greenwood. Anyone of the eight doors along the dimly lighted hallway might be shielding their quarry. Butsy finally decided to knock for one of the tenants and inquire the whereabouts of Mr. Greenwood.

He rapped softly on the nearest door.

No answer. Fearing lest he rouse the house and scare away the bogus Mr. Greenwood, he knocked again, insistently but more softly. Still no answer.

Then suddenly, up through the stairwell, came a sound like the chug-chug of a distant locomotive. Someone was coming up the stairs.

Butsy motioned his bodyguard to retreat into the deeper shadows while he set the example of readying his tommy-gun.

The footsteps continued up the stairs. The Underworldlings hoped they belonged to the missing bookmaker, and chuckled to themselves, anticipating his surprise when the artillery started popping holes through his hatband. They dearly loved a practical joke.

A few seconds later, however, the hall light shone upon a willowy frail girl, who placed a slim gloved hand on the top newel post and looked warily at the shadowy blotch of figures in front of her door.

"What's the big idea?" she demanded in a trembling falsetto.

Butsy stepped from the shadow, a finger raised to his lips. His topcoat had dropped over the tommy-gun, and he wore an apologetic expression. "Shhh!" he admonished, and for a moment was oddly speechless. "Do you know a guy named Mr. Greenwood?"

The girl released a sigh of relief, and came closer. She looked half-starved, poor dame, thought Butsy Ratsoff.

"Greenwood?" she mused. "Yes, I know a Mr.

BIG SHOT

Greenwood who practices pharmacy in Pennsylvania."

"Nah! The guy I mean is on this floor somewhere."

"Oh!" The girl tapped her chin, which Butsy found altogether charming. "I believe there are two Mr. Greenwoods on this floor. Which do you want?"

"Search me," replied Butsy. He felt strangely disconcerted by the luminous gaze of her sapphire green eyes, and when he tried to speak he had to unravel the knots out of his tongue. "You see, the Mr. Greenwood we're looking for isn't really Mr. Greenwood. He's hiding here under an alias."

"Then you're cops," said the girl.

Butsy thought her lips quivered with contempt, and he welcomed this evidence of a kindred soul. But he could not tell her the whole truth. "Nah," he replied. "We're friends of his."

"Well," said the girl in an Up-State drawl which Butsy found altogether charming, "I don't know either of the Mr. Greenwoods. But the Mr. Greenwood at the front end of the hall goes out only at night, and I've often wondered what he could be hiding from."

"That's him," grunted Butsy, and the way he pronounced those two words neither of the two Mr. Greenwoods would have found in the least bit charming.

He waited until the click of a door bolt indicated that the girl had retired. Then he signalled his bodyguard. The topcoats swung back again, and the hall light blinked nervously as it picked out the ominous glint of tommy-guns.

JOHN BEERYMORE, alias Mr. Greenwood, lifted a finger to pursed lips in the manner of outdated melodramas. A greenish pallor overspread the classic profile long familiar to theatergoers, now temporarily in retirement because the Underworld wished to scramble its undeniable beauty.

"Sh!" he whispered. "There's someone outside in the hall."

Good Old Bumpy was in no mood for small talk. Having agreed with the missing actor that they must leave this dowdy hideout in disguise, lest any of the Ratsoff mob be lurking in the vicinity, he had been helping himself lavishly from the actor's make-up trunk. First he had crammed a winged Mercury helmet down over his great head, and, giving up the attempt to

pry his ears under the brim, had added an insouciant touch with a luxuriant black beard. Then he struggled into the gaudy Guardsman's jacket which Jack Beerymore had worn in *The Peppermint Stick Soldier*. The jacket was complete with gilt fringe epaulets and resplendent tiers of clanking medals, but was sadly deficient in the trousers department. And now, seated on the iron bed, Good Old Bumpy was violently attempting to wrest the helmet off his massive brow.

"Cut the small talk," he sputtered through the tangled beard, "and help me get this kettle off."

Jack Beerymore opened his mouth, no doubt to utter a stinging retort about people who could fiddle with antique tinware while Menace stalked outside. Instead, he gaped stupidly at his friend.

For heavy raps had suddenly begun thundering on the door.

Good Old Bumpy ceased wrestling with the helmet. "Who is it?" he demanded in a loud, stern voice.

"It's only me," came the answer, muffled by the wood panel.

Something about that reply generally gains admission for the speaker, since being usually employed by a friend, rarely anyone challenges it. So Jack, who a moment before had been terrified by Good Old Bumpy's rash question, now moved automatically to the door and turned the key.

The door creaked open, but only for the briefest instant. One glance at his callers was enough. Jack Beerymore slammed the door, locked it, and spun around to face Good Old Bumpy, clutching at his bursting temples.

"It's Butsy Ratsoff and his mob!" He rasped in a strangled whisper.

Good Old Bumpy broke the world's record for the sitting broadjump. But even in this terrifying moment, Jack Beerymore could not forsake his theatrical stuff. He whirlwinded the makeup and assorted costumes back into the trunk, and tucked the cumbersome thing under his arm. The whack of the shade made him bite his tongue. He turned in time to see Good Old Bumpy step through the open window onto the fire-escape. He followed. In a few seconds they were slipping down the iron rungs, pursued by falling flower pots, and hampered by tangling wash and the clumsy trunk.

In the room behind, Butsy Ratsoff put his hand through the door panel he had just splintered with his fist and turned the key in the lock.

"Anybody home?" he said affably, poking his tommy-gun under the bed.

He was very disappointed when he saw that there wasn't.

BIG SHOT

The

SKYMAN

By *Golden Whitney*



SKYMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING H--- OH! FORGIVE ME, MR. GREGOR, I MUST SOUND FRIGHTFULLY FOOLISH!

NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR! YOUR REACTIONS TO MY HUMBLE WAX REPRODUCTIONS ARE MOST FLATTERING!



CONQUERED BY CURIOSITY, FAWN HAS VENTURED INTO A CONEY ISLAND WAX MUSEUM TO VIEW THE GREAT GREGOR'S LATEST TRIUMPH IN TALLOW, "THE SKYMAN"... THERE, SHE IS TO DISCOVER HANDS THAT **CREATE** ARE SOMETIMES CONTROLLED BY A MIND THAT **DESTROYS**.....

AND NOW, MAY I PRESENT MY MUSEUM MASTER-PIECE -- THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MADAME DU BARRY!

THAT FACE! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! RIGHT HERE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



AND NEXT IN OUR FAMOUS FAMILY, WE HAVE -- COME, COME, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING SO SOON, ARE YOU?

IS IT POSSIBLE? AUDREY AMES HERE, MOUNTED IN A M-MUSEUM ALL THESE MONTHS --

SUDDENLY...

P-PROGRAM, LADY?

EEEEEEEE!

THE GRE GR WOR IN WA

IMBECILE! YOU'VE FRIGHTENED HER AWAY!

I DIDN'T MEAN NUTHIN' GREGOR! SHE HAD SEEN THE SHOW AN' I WUZ JUST GIVIN' HER A PROGRAM LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO!

AWRIGHT, GREGOR, BUT I DON'T LIKE TA WATCH WHEN YOU MAKE THEM KIND OF STATUES!

THAT GIRL COULD BE MOULDED INTO A PERFECT JOAN OF ARC TYPE! FOLLOW HER AND BRING HER BACK -- AFTER DARK!

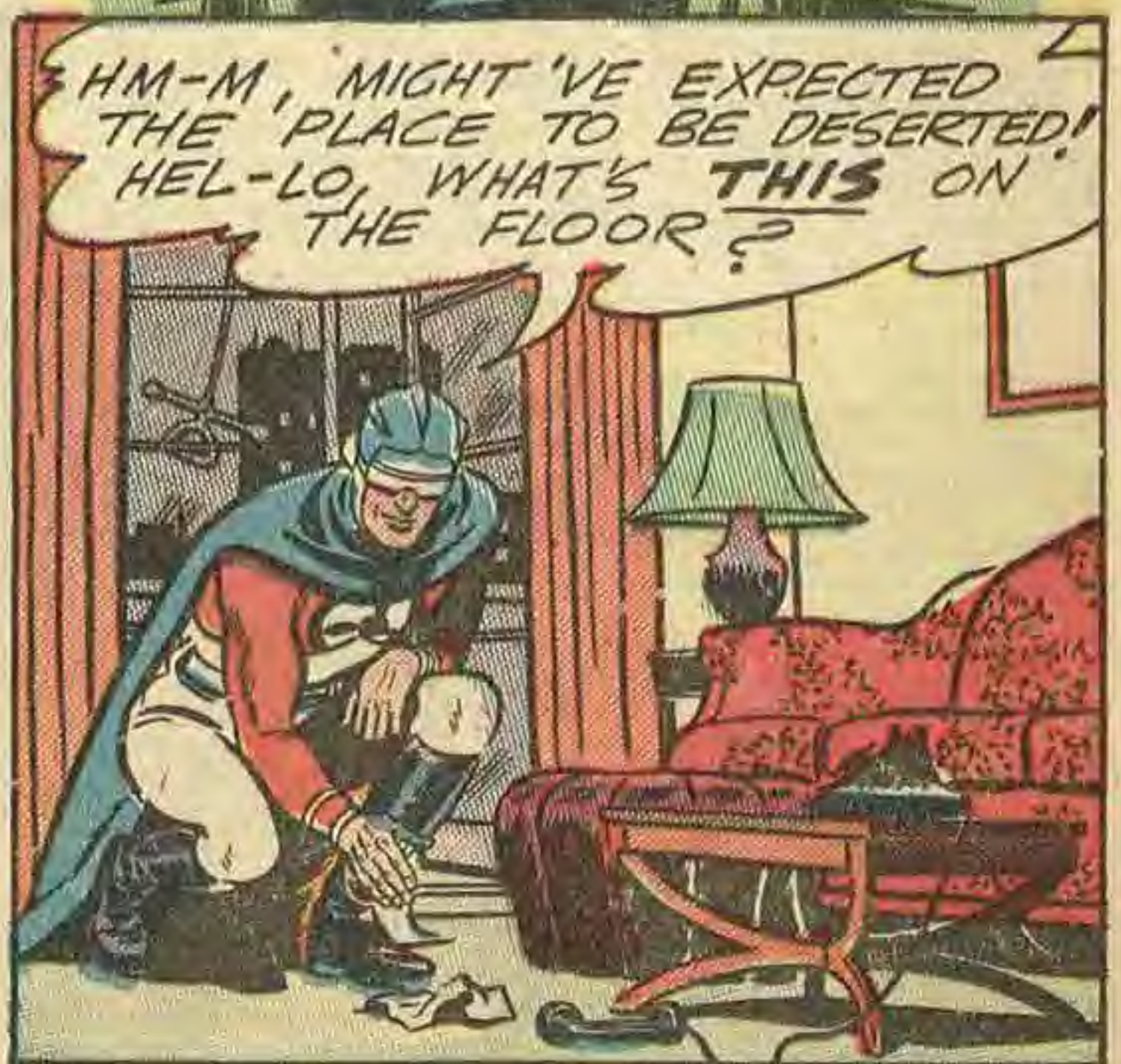
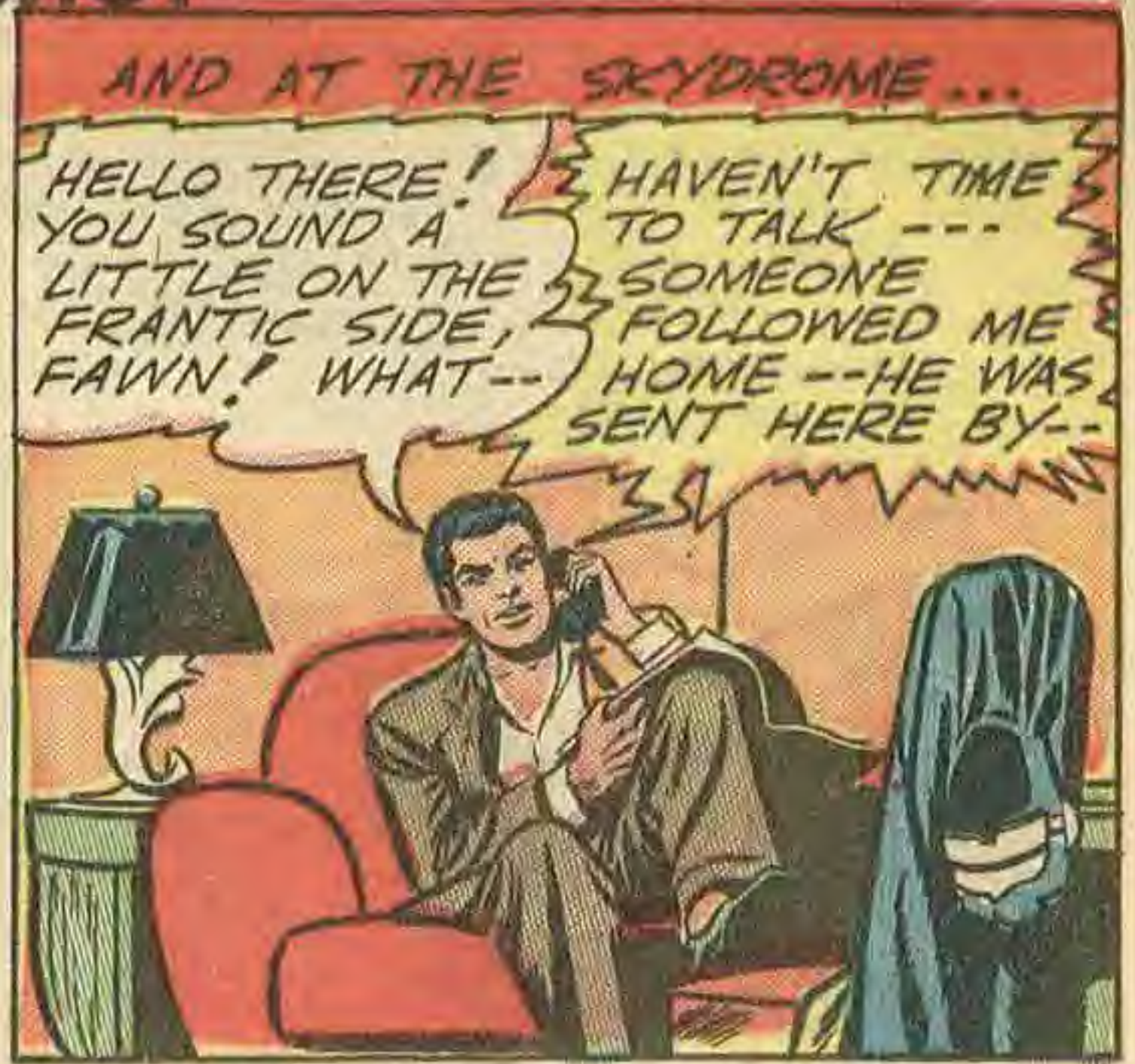
THE FRESH AIR SORT OF NEUTRALIZED MY NUTTY "MURDER IN A MUSEUM" NOTIONS! I'LL JUST JUNK THE WHOLE THING!

UPT

BUT AT DUSK, AS FAWN REACHES HER HOME, THE FLAME OF FEAR FLARES UP ONCE MORE, FOR...

THAT SIDE-SHOW SIDE KICK OF GREGOR'S FOLLOWED ME! I-I THINK I'D BETTER CALL SKYMAN!

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A CONEY ISLAND WAX MUSEUM PROGRAM -- FEATURING, AMONG OTHER CHARACTERS, MYSELF! NOT MUCH OF A LEAD BUT IT MIGHT BE WORTH LOOKING INTO!



LATER, THE WING LANDS IN A DESERTED PARKING AREA ADJOINING THE WAX MUSEUM!

HMPH, LOOKS LIKE A NICE GAY PLACE-- FOR **GHOULS!**

SHE SORTA FAINTED WHEN I CALLED FOR HER, GREGOR! I MADE BELIEVE SHE WUZ SICK AND BRUNG HER IN A TAXI!



AND IN A SMALL BACK ROOM, JUST BEHIND THE EXHIBITION HALL

HEH, TO THINK OF THE YEARS I WASTED MOLDING MY EARLIER FIGURES BY HAND! THIS IS SO MUCH SIMPLER! TRY TO RELAX, MY DEAR-- AFTER ALL, A WAX-COATED GIRL WITH A FRIGHTENED FACE WOULD NOT MAKE A PRETTY MUSEUM ATTRACTION!



THERE, TH' WAX IS READY BUT I AINT CONNA L-LOOK WHEN YOU DO IT!

BE STILL, YOU IDIOT! I SUGGEST YOU LOOK OUTSIDE-- I THINK WE MIGHT HAVE A LATE CALLER!



SO THIS IS MY TALLOW TWIN! UNFORTUNATELY YOU CAN'T TALK, MY FINE FUGITIVE FROM A CANDLE FACTORY SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND FAWN MYSELF!



NOTHING BUT DOZENS OF DUSTY DUMMIES, SO FAR! MAYBE I'M ON THE WRONG TRACK AT THAT!



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MY "SKYMAN" MASTER-PIECE -- MONTHS OF WORK WRECKED BY A WORTHLESS MORON! WELL, YOU'VE BLUNDERED FOR THE LAST TIME!

NO, NO, GREGOR! HE HIT ME SO I HADDA -- AAAAAAGH!



OF ALL THE COLD-BLOODER BUTCHERS!

GAAAH-- M-MY THROAT!



THE - THE REAL SKYMAN! CAN'T LET HIM FREE MY BEAUTIFUL "JOAN OF ARC"! HE'S GOT MY GUN BUT I STILL HAVE THIS!



FAWN!!

MMMPH-UHH--



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS TORTURE CHAMBER IN A SECOND, FAWN!

SKYMAN! BEHIND YOU!



THE VAT OF BOILING WAX! HE'S GOING TO--

YAAAAAH-HHH.



AND LATER...

THAT POOR AMES GIRL! I WONDER HOW MANY OTHERS THERE WERE BEFORE HER?

THAT'S HARD TO GUESS! THE POLICE WILL HAVE TO CHECK ON THE ORIGIN OF ALL THOSE STATUES! MEANWHILE, IT LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE OF HORRORS HAS ADDED ITS FINAL "ATTRACTION"... THE GREAT GREGOR HIMSELF!

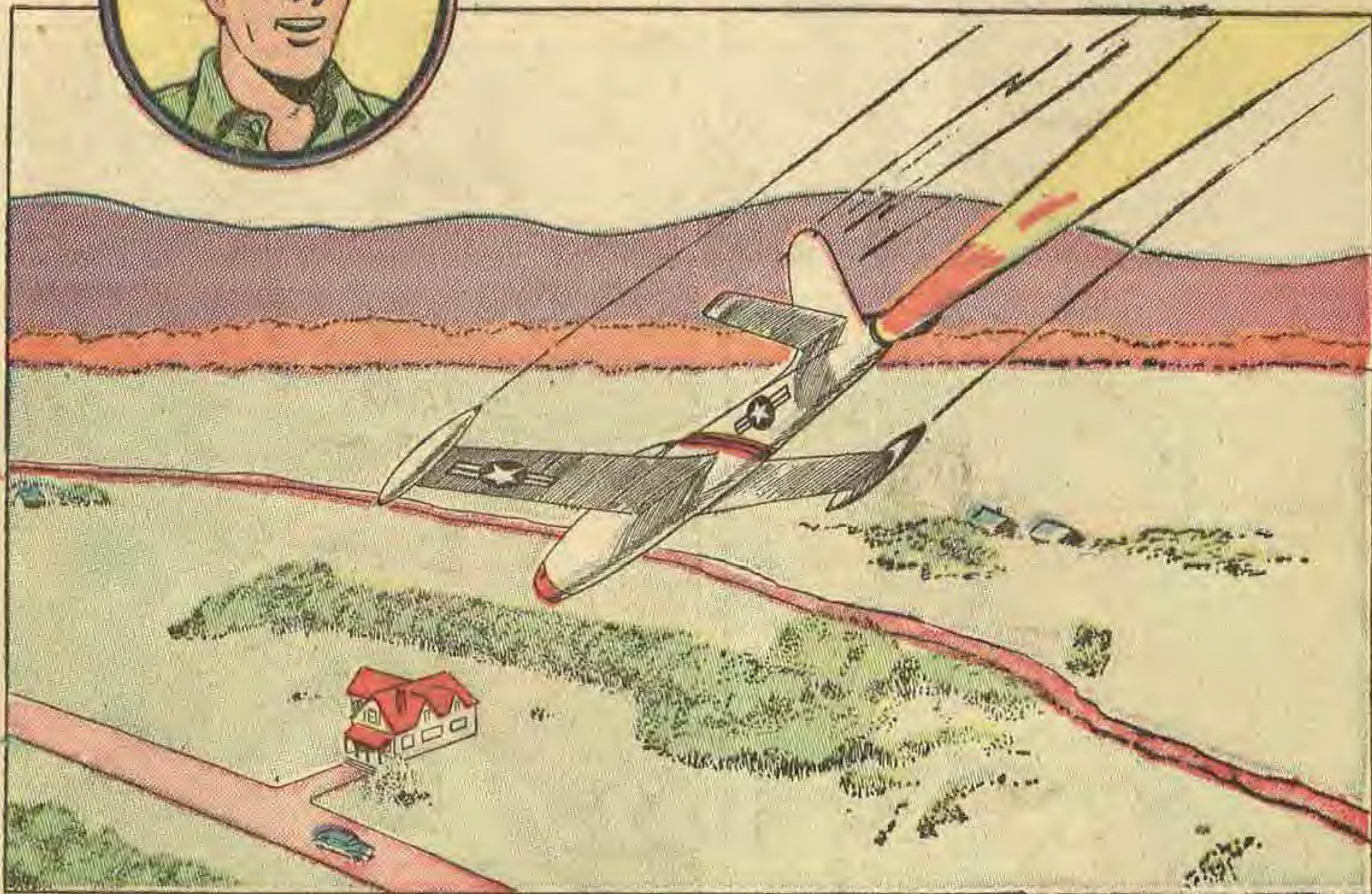
WAX MUSEUM



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



ZARUMP!



WHOEVER THAT CRAZY PILOT IS, I'D LIKE TO WRING HIS FOOL NECK!

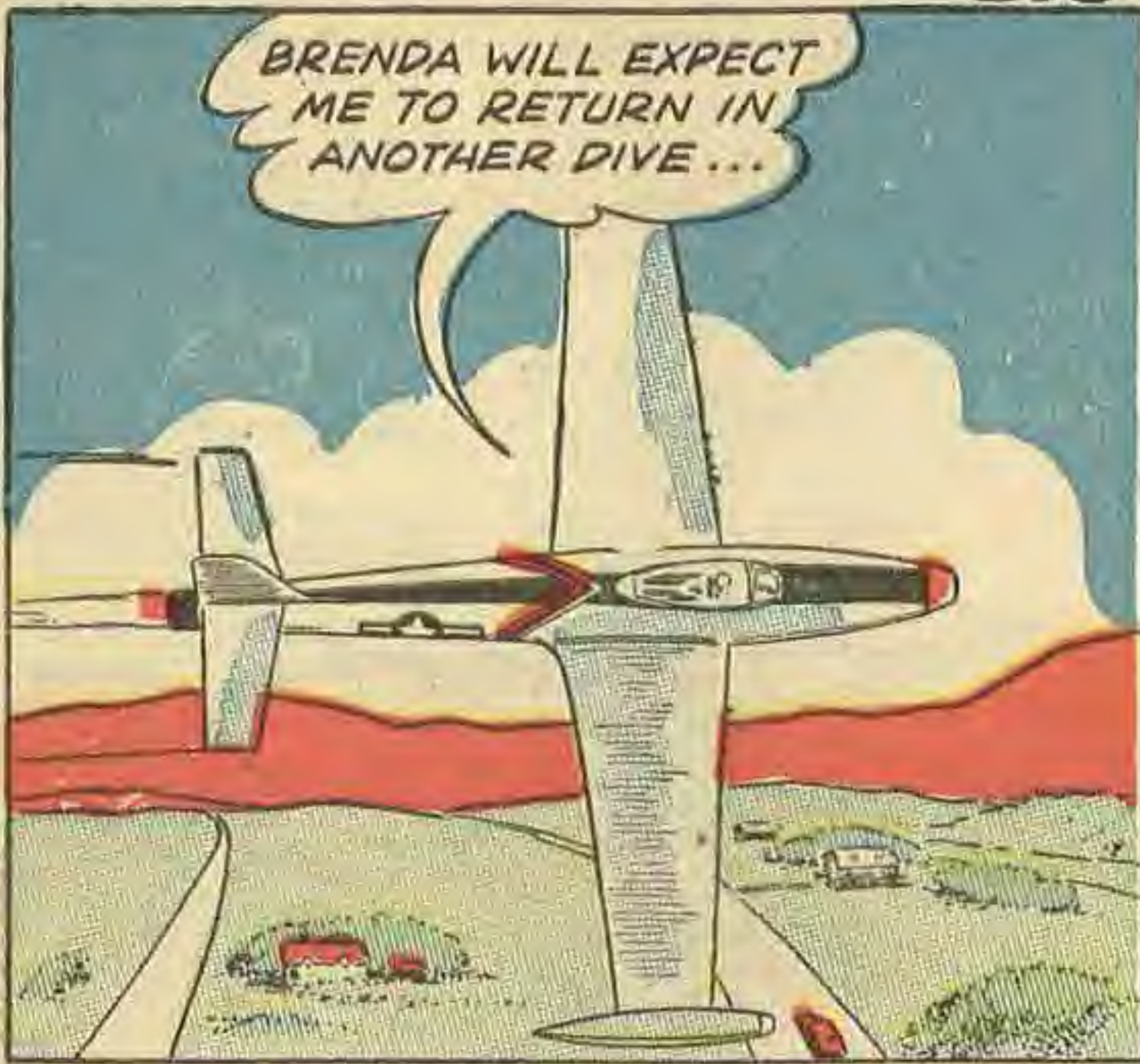


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

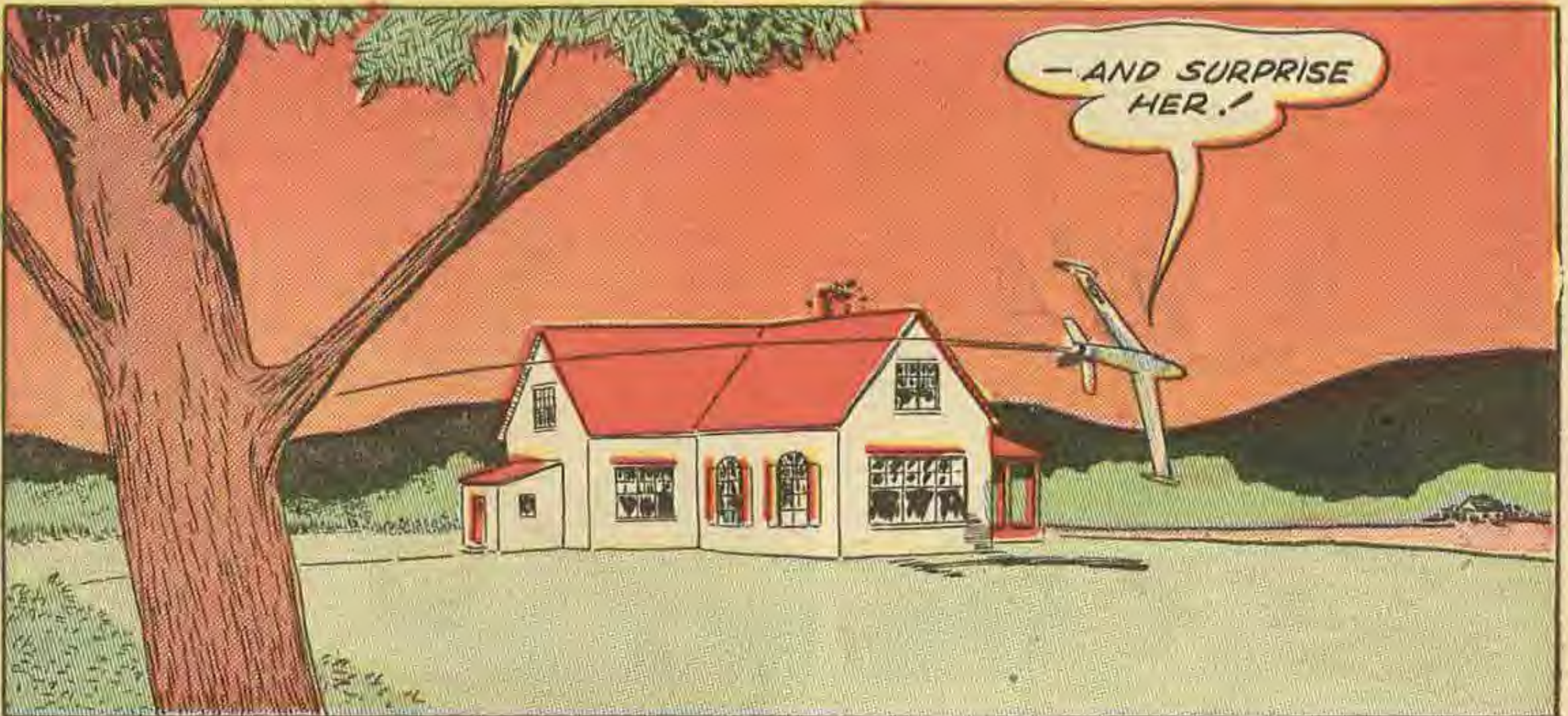
BRENDA WILL EXPECT
ME TO RETURN IN
ANOTHER DIVE ...



BUT THIS TIME I'LL
SNEAK IN THE
BACK WAY ALONG
THE CREEK —



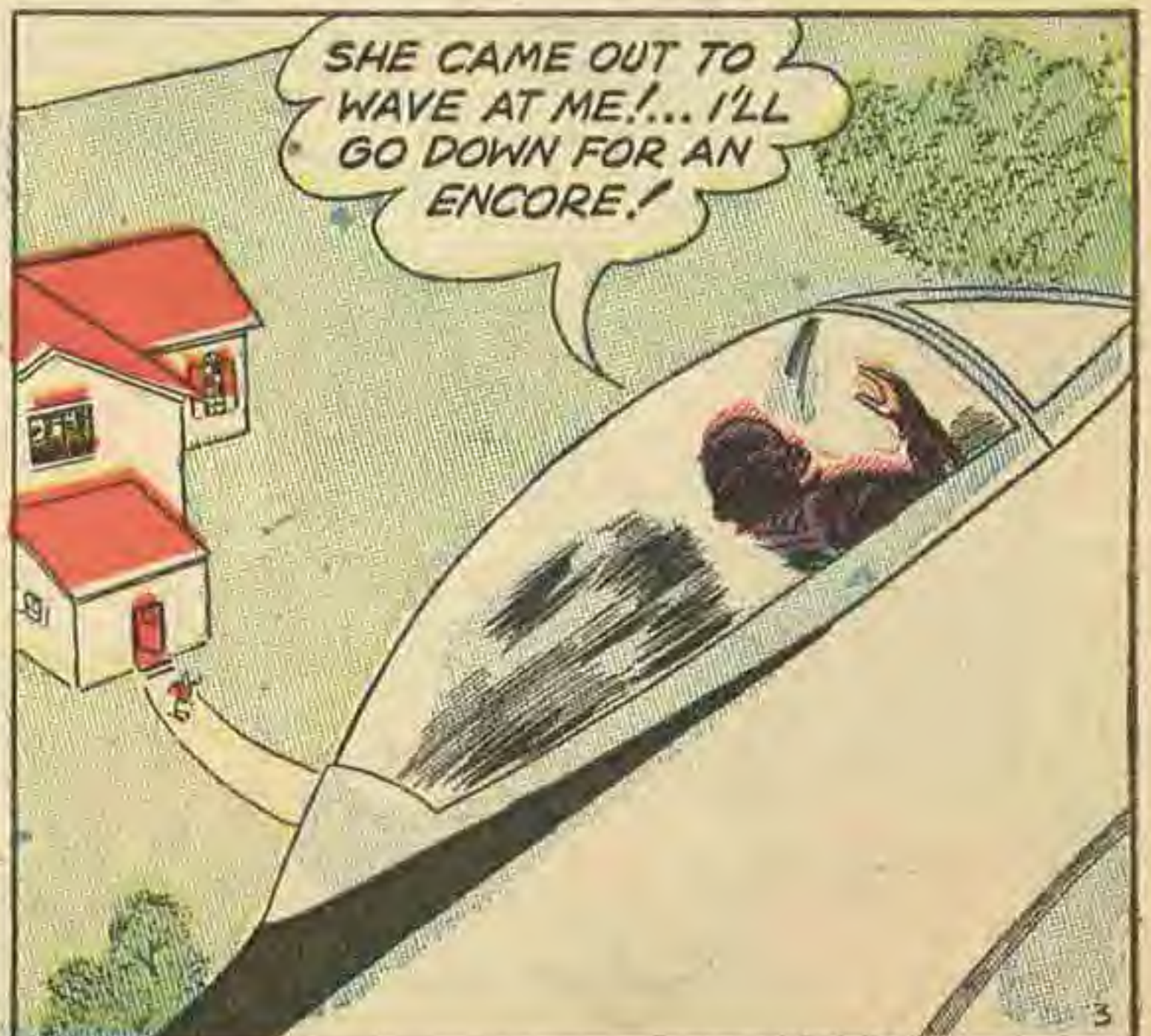
— AND SURPRISE
HER !



THAT IDIOT! ... I'LL HAVE
TO GET OUT BEFORE HE
SHAKES THE HOUSE DOWN!



SHE CAME OUT TO
WAVE AT ME! ... I'LL
GO DOWN FOR AN
ENCORE!

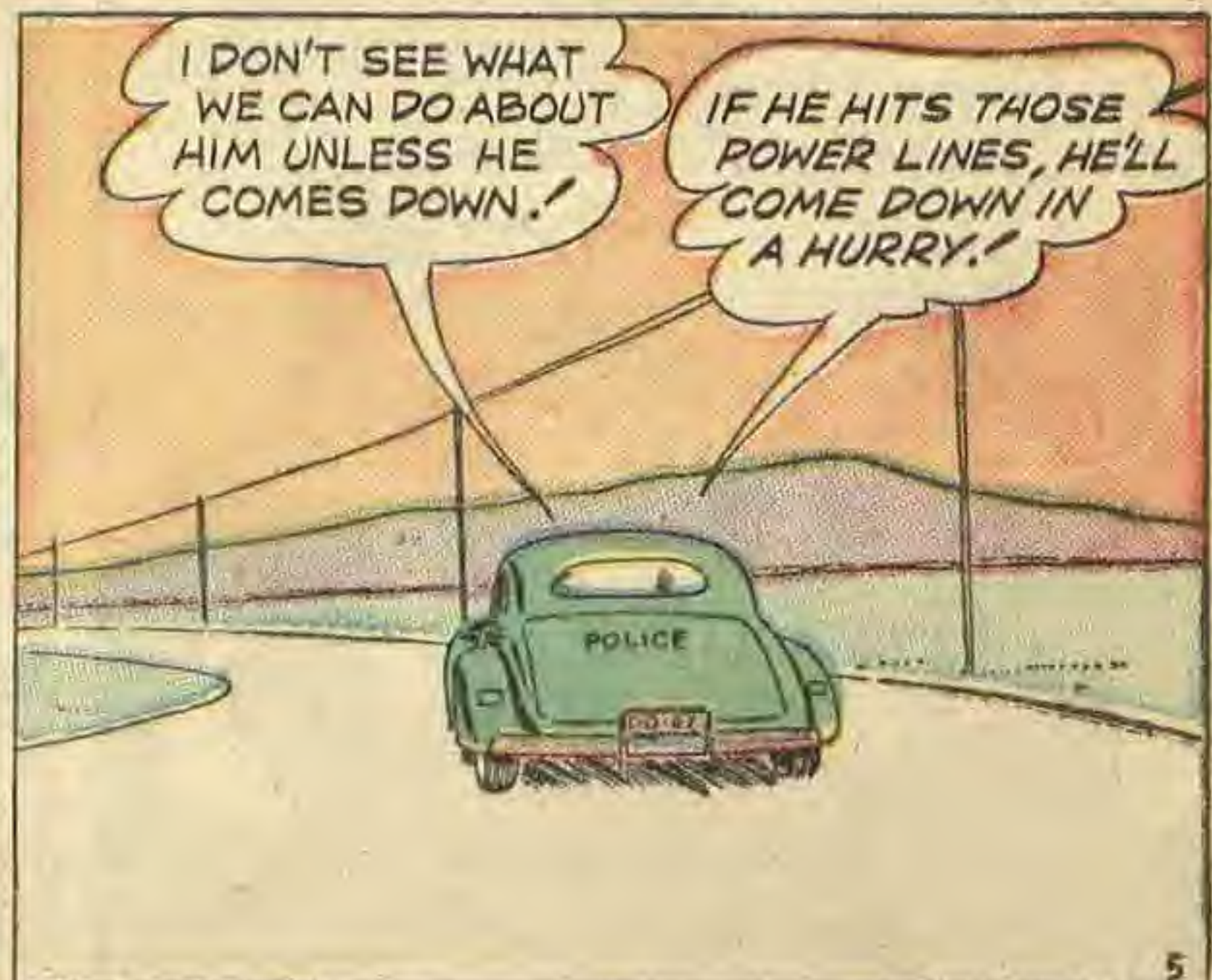
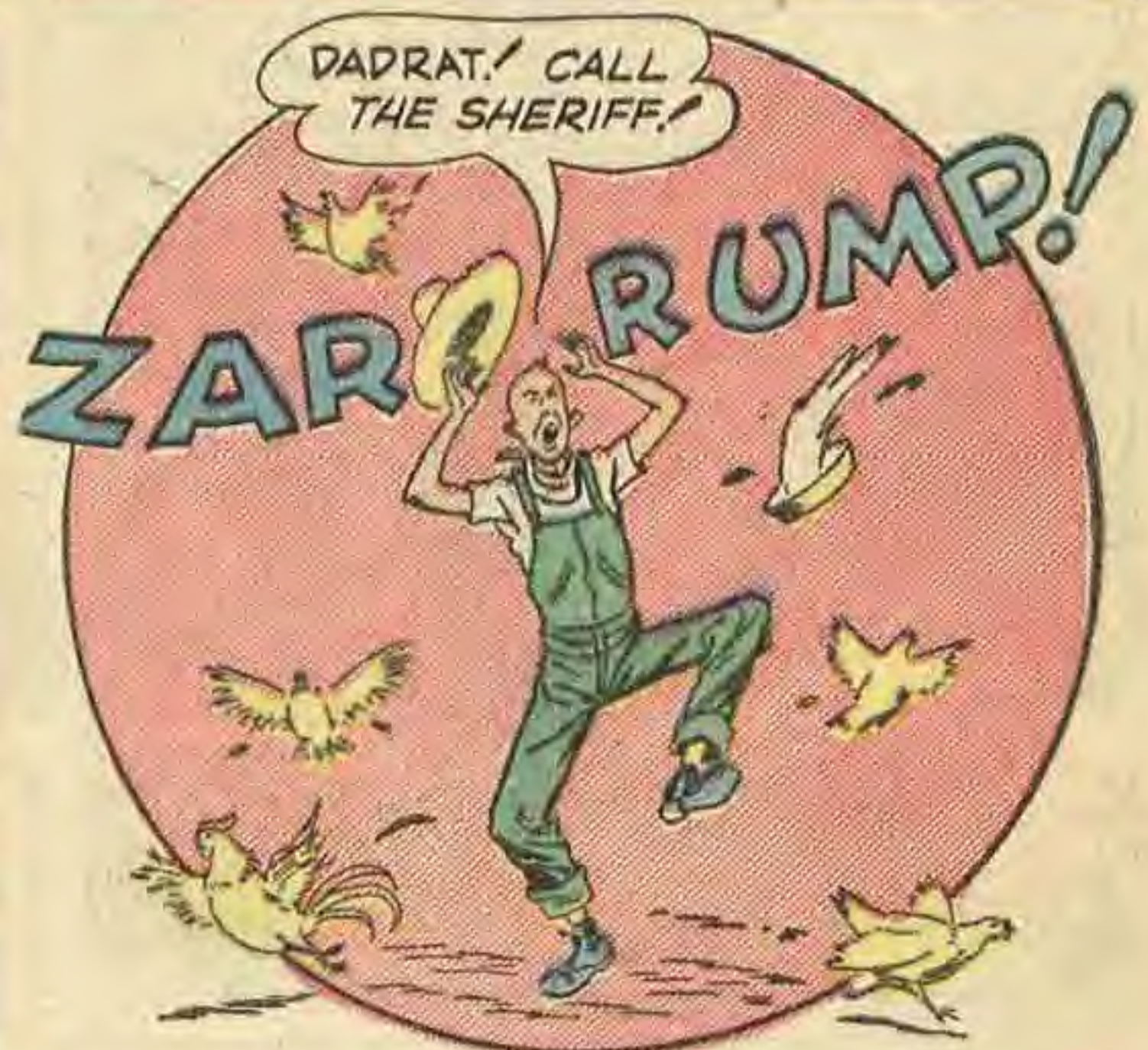
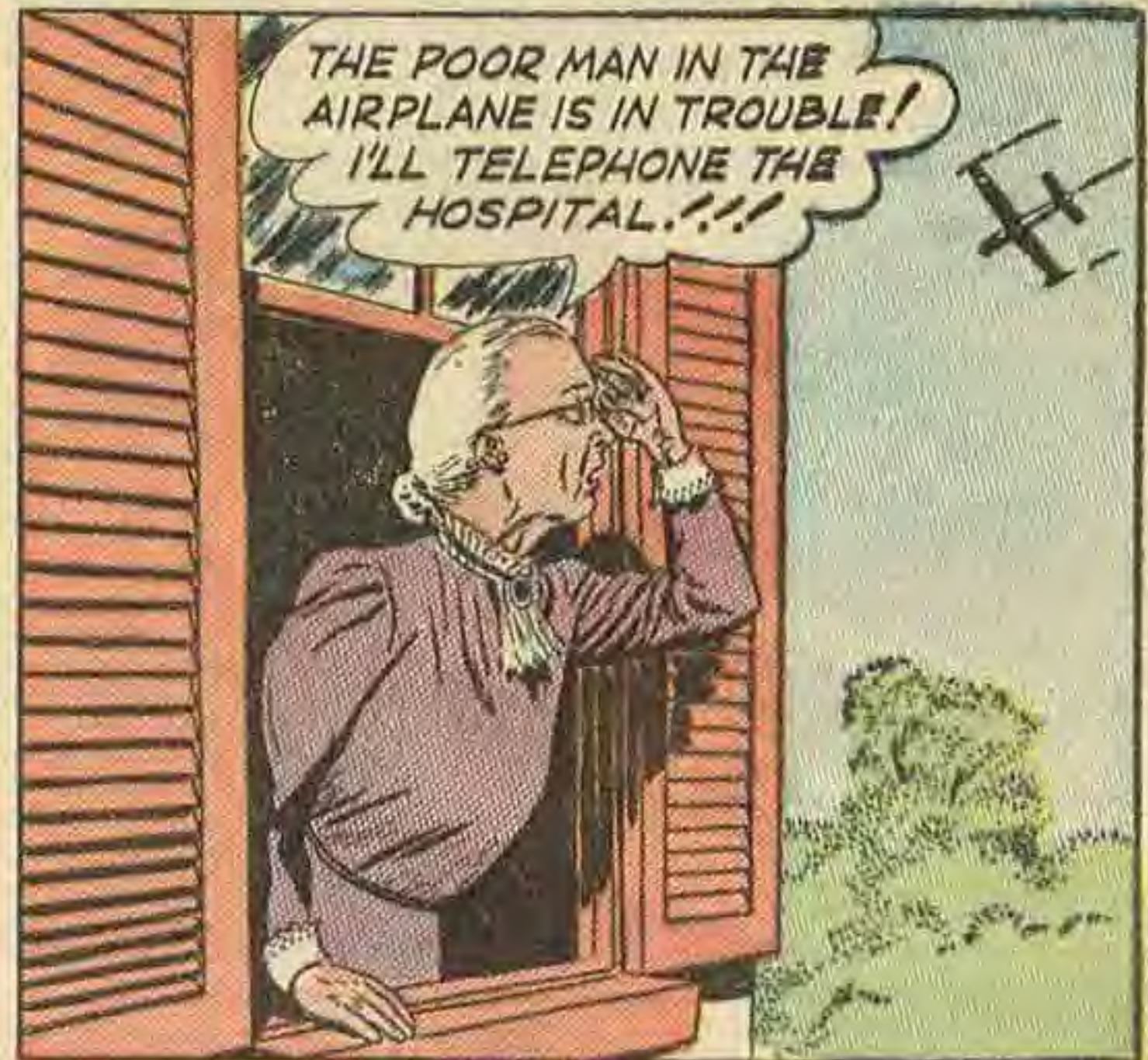


BIG SHOT

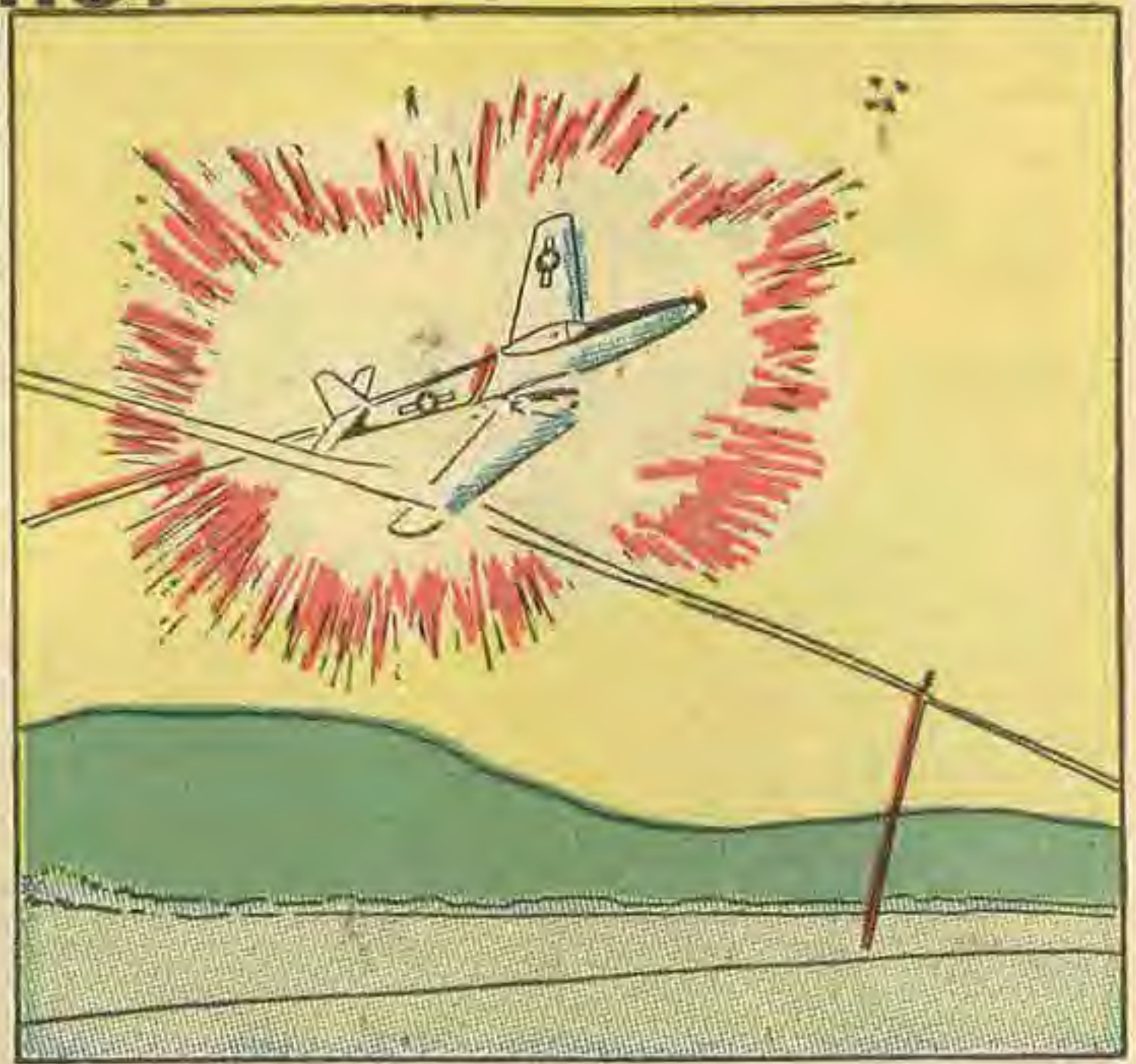


BIG SHOT

ELSEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AS SWEET WILLYUM CONTINUES HIS COURTING....



BIG SHOT



Most Amazingly Convenient POCKET LIGHTER FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

FLASHLIGHT
KEY CHAIN
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER

ALL
IN
1

*Beautiful Plastic Case in
Simulated Marble Design*

Here's the snappiest, most complete lighter combination you've ever seen! Imagine — lighter, flashlight and keychain ALL IN ONE UNIT. Handy, convenient, easy to carry. No more fumbling for matches, keys, etc. Easy to find keyholes in the dark. Beautiful, streamlined case of mottled plastic. Your own initial in gold imprinted on case. Makes ideal gift. A truly sensational bargain value with your initial in gold only \$1.98.

A TRULY SENSATIONAL
BARGAIN VALUE WITH
YOUR INITIAL
IN GOLD

Only \$1.98

ACTUAL
SIZE

INITIAL*
IN GOLD
AT NO
EXTRA
COST

3 in 1 lighter combination easily fits in palm of hand. Lighter set snugly in base of case. Flashlight complete with battery. Beaded keychain fastens securely to top of unit. Unbelievably light in weight. IMAGINE, all these features offered at amazingly low price of only \$1.98. Order TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY — 7 Day Trial

Just fill in coupon below. On arrival deposit only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Use 7 days. If not delighted return for money back. (Send cash, we pay postage.)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

*Be Sure To Send
Initial To Be
Imprinted
In Gold

HENRY SENNE
& COMPANY
1101 N. Paulina St.
Chicago 22, Illinois

HENRY SENNE & COMPANY
Dept. 52 S, 1101 N. Paulina St.
Chicago 22, Illinois

Please rush 3 in 1 lighter combination at once. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. If not delighted I may return within 7 days for money back. (Cash with order, WE pay postage.)

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Cash enclosed. Send postpaid.

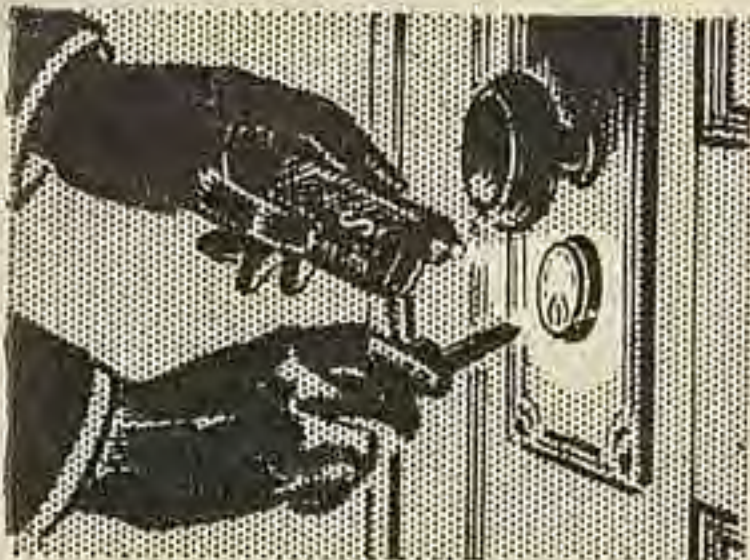
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

INITIAL TO BE
IMPRINTED
(Circle Choice)

A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L
M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X
Y	Z		



Easy to use! Hard to lose! Every Man Will Want This Beautiful 4 Color Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLD With Gilt SAFETY CHAIN!

The beautiful painted scene embossed on this Billfold . . .

CAN'T RUB OFF

This smart-looking Gilt Chain is made extra strong to protect your valuables.

Style 520 — Hula Girl

Only
\$1.98

This is the first ZIPPER BILLFOLD and SAFETY CHAIN COMBINATION with all these unusual features ever to be offered at the sensational LOW PRICE of only \$1.98.

Billfold has a built-in Pass Case and built-in Plastic Coin Holder! Clever Safety Chain is designed so it can also be used as a handy Key Chain!

You've never in your lifetime seen a Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain combination to compare with this latest Illinois Merchandise creation. You've never before seen such luxurious appearance, and such real honest-to-goodness value at such a LOW PRICE! The beautiful painted designs are embossed with your choice of 4 life-like illustrations in breath-taking colors. These colorful scenes can't rub off—they're stamped right into the wallet itself. Billfold zips open "all-the-way-around" and has a riveted metal eyelet at one end where the Gilt Safety Chain is securely fastened. Inside is a built-in plastic coin holder, a roomy currency compartment, a built-in pass case, also a spacious window pocket for your membership cards. The Gilt Safety Chain is designed especially for this Billfold. It's long and flexible so you can carry Billfold in either the side or back pocket without interference. It's made extra sturdy to safeguard you against theft. A special self-locking device at the top fastens on to your belt or trousers. The spring lock at the bottom fits into eyelet of billfold but can also be disengaged and the chain then worn as a key holder. However, don't wait! Order your Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination today while this low price offer is in effect. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10 day money back guarantee offer. We feel sure that you'll be so delighted with your Billfold and Chain Combination once you see it and examine its many unusual features, that you'll want to order again for gifts to friends and relatives.

Each of these Billfold Styles comes with Safety Chain as above



Style 532—U. S. Map

Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON WITH YOUR STYLE CHOICE!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 5102 A
1227 Loyola Avenue
Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: ☐ Rush me the 4 color Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination in the picture style choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus Fed. Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return billfold and chain within 10 days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS _____
(Give Style number and subject)

If more than one billfold is being ordered state how many here _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 549—Sporting Scene